Twentieth Year---October 12, 1912

The GRAPHIC

Los Angeles, California---Price Ten Cents

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THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

HEAPING OSSA UPON PELION

PEOPLE are asking, What does this senate investigation of a malodorous past avail, and why is it pertinent? The answer is that Mr. Roosevelt, a candidate for President in 1912, was also a candidate in 1904 and at that time he invited campaign contributions from individuals and corporations whose help at a later date he repudiated. He says he made no pledges, the money was given by patriotic Americans in a patriotic cause. Then why has Mr. Roosevelt so assiduously denied that he invited financial assistance from interests that he afterward treated cavalierly? Is it because he is ashamed of his ungracious return of favors or that he fears the effect of the truth upon his present aspirations? It is well to get a clear understanding of his mental processes in the past before indorsing his ambition of the present.

Mr. Roosevelt, as we have shown, denounced his opponent, Judge Parker, as the Wall Street candidate and vehemently denied the charge that his own candidacy was heavily financed by the Big Interests. The investigation has vindicated Mr. Parker and shown, alas, that Mr. Roosevelt's denial was mere bluster and in contravention of the facts. His published letters to Harriman prove that contrary to his repeated statements he had invited the railway magnate to visit the White House to discuss his campaign needs and the testimony of reputable witnesses reveals that Harriman raised a quarter of a million dollars in response to the President's urgent request. That it was not for the New York state campaign as affirmed by Roosevelt, is disclosed by the receipt for $50,000 given by Treasurer Bliss of the national committee to Mr. Harriman, November 2, 1904. Judge Lovett testifies that Harriman told him the President wanted him (Harriman) to help him out of a hole; that he had agreed to do it and had raised the sum desired, $250,000, which he gave Lovett, who handed it to Bliss personally. This effectually disposes of the Roosevelt contention.

In view of the revelations following the Archbold admission that $100,000 was contributed by Standard Oil, which Mr. Roosevelt so strenuously refuted, the public is forced to conclude that if the Colonel misled it in regard to the Harriman financiering he is equally unfrank in respect to the Standard Oil contribution. Former United States Senator Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia testifies that in 1904 he suggested to Treasurer Bliss that he get a campaign subscription from the Standard Oil, in response to which Bliss replied that the corporation had already given $100,000. This evidence supplies the missing link and fully confirms the Archbold testimony. What becomes of Mr. Roosevelt's assertions that he wanted no corporation funds to help finance his candidacy? It will be noted that this Wall Street help came late in the campaign. The explanation is that Roosevelt had alienated the Big Interests by his general attitude in regard to legislation and in consequence they had held aloof. When he grew panicky concerning his election he suddenly warmed up to them, invited Harriman to help him out of a hole and from other Wall Street captains, notably Morgan, the Vanderbilt interests, the Steel Trust, et al., sought assistance.

That he made no bargain with the Big Business representatives is undoubtedly true. But having received their money, which he had invited, he was, in a way, obligated to give a quid pro quo. The contributors were assured by Bliss that the President would "appreciate" their support. Later developments proved that he gave them a sorry run for their money. It served them exactly right, but was it a "square deal?" We dislike to question the sincerity of Mr. Roosevelt, but the staggering evidence presented so completely disproves his statements in the mass that reason is obliged to rebel.

PRINCETON ALUMNI GRILL PARK

EIGHTY-SIX members of the Princeton Club of Southern California, practically the entire Princeton contingent in Los Angeles, ninety-five per cent of whom are graduates of the university, have united in a dignified but emphatic protest to the Los Angeles Tribune against the "unfounded and ungracious attack" on the recent president of their alma mater and Princeton's favorite son. They properly characterize the Park letter as one written for the public and for campaign purposes and in no sense to be regarded as the voice of other Princeton men or a specimen of Princeton methods. That Park '95 has been used as a political catspaw and that his assertions regarding Mr. Wilson egregiously misrepresent Princeton and Princeton men are statements made on the "faith and declaration" of eighty-six Princetonians in Los Angeles.

While it needed not this indignant refutation to render Park '95 hors de combat we are glad to note this spontaneous tribute of sons of Old Nassau to a fellow alumnus who has been unfairly assailed. Other than Princeton alumni long have recognized the fact that Wilson is an educational democrat whose lectures, writings, speeches and personality proclaim his unqualified democracy. His past record attests his belief in democratic education, in a fair field and no favor for every man who is eager for education, and to suggest, as Park does, that he would shut the door of higher education to any one; to declare that he has no sympathy with nor encouragement for the ambitious mind that chances to be at the bottom of the submerged tenth; to charge that he is scornful of any man's position or the worth of any man's society is, as the eighty-six protestants declare through their mouthpiece, Dr. Randall Hutchinson, "intellectual libel."

Excerpts from Dr. Wilson's addresses in the lecture room, made long before he entered political life, are adduced to confound the Park imputation. They wholly disprove the preposterous doctrine attributed to Dr. Wilson by Park '95. They reveal a strong sympathy with the struggling masses, a keen interest in the "unknown, unrecognized men, whose powers are being developed by struggle, who will form their opinions as they progress in that struggle, and who will emerge with opinions which will rule." This is the exact reverse of what Park '95 puts into Dr. Wilson's mouth. Read this further Wilson confession of principle:

> I have dedicated every power that there is within me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied—and I hope you will not be—until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought, the same sympathy that pulses through the whole great body politic.

Much more could be quoted, not only from that presented by the eighty-six protestants but from our own archives, on which we have previously drawn in disproving the Park assault. But enough has been printed to make plain how far apart are the atrociously narrow and inhuman sentiments attributed to Dr. Wilson and his real atttitude toward higher education as evidencing his true democracy. Yet the disingenuous Tribune refuses to be convinced. It affects to believe that Dr. Wilson has no fixed tenets of faith and that the Park utterance, unsupported by proof and in direct contrast to Dr. Wilson's expressed views, is to be accepted as bona fide, although amply contradicted by every known principles of the former president of Princeton. In other words, Park, a catspaw of third party politicians who justly fear Gov. Wilson's popularity with the masses, is right and the other eighty-six Princeton men of Los Angeles wrong. The latter think they know Dr. Wilson; they imagine they have imbibed the proper Princeton spirit, but they are totally in error. Park '95 is the sole exponent of Old Nassau's point of view; he alone is the true interpreter. As for the Tribune what better evidence of its bigotry, its narrow partisanship, its unfairness than its latest indefensible alignment?

ABSURDITIES OF THE CAMPAIGN

NEWSPAPERS in California supporting the third party candidates are invited by the publicity bureau at San Francisco to print among other curiously illogical stuff the statement that "the positive assurance that Roosevelt will carry New Jersey against Wilson is most significant." Of what? we pause to ask. Optimism run mad? When New Jersey heeded the admonition of Gov. Wilson to reject the aspirations of "Boss" Smith for the United States senate and support Congressman Hughes, which it proceeded to do by giving him 20,000 majority at the primary election, all doubt as to New Jersey was dissipated. The Democrats are a unit for Wilson and the thousands of Taft Republicans favoring his candidacy assure a tremendous majority in November for the Wilson electors.

In the table of predictions sent out from third party headquarters in this state, of course, California is claimed for Roosevelt. We believe Wilson will carry the state and our reason for so thinking is the certain turning of thousands of disfranchised Taft voters to the Democratic nominee as the surest way to register their disapproval of the third party reprehensible tactics in California. Indiana and Iowa are fairly certain to declare for Wilson and as for New York we miss our guess if Taft doesn't run ahead of Roosevelt in that state, which Wilson is said to be sure to carry by 75,000 majority. Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin are also claimed by the third party rhapsodists who seem to have discarded all methods of reasoning in arriving at their ridiculous conclusions or alleged conclusions. Maryland, Tennessee and Louisana are classed as doubtful, for example, and Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Minnesota are complacently included in the Roosevelt column.

Of course, the declination of the Taft Republicans in this state to play into the third party hands is provocative of sarcastic comment by the disappointed schemers who now charge that the Taft men intended to double-cross their candidate from the outset. Naturally, the defeat of their crafty plan to coax the Taftites into appearing on the ballot by petition has caused deep chagrin. It means the delivering of from 75,000 to 100,000 otherwise Taft votes to Wilson and

the certain triumph of the Democratic electors in the state. How far the defection will extend to congressional and legislative candidates remains to be seen. It is a fair assumption that the exacerbated Taft voter will not hesitate to "go down the line" and make his retaliation decisive once he gets started on his mission of reprisal.

FEDERAL LAW AFTER DYNAMITERS

INDIANAPOLIS is the scene of a remarkable trial in which the principle of "direct action" so dear to the hearts of "reformers" like Lincoln Steffens and Clarence Darrow is to be argued and its right of establishment challenged. Forty-six men, all of whom are former or present officials of labor unions, are accused of entering into a conspiracy to destroy by dynamite process the contract work of employers of non-union labor and in this wholesale destruction of property, in which human life was involved, the blowing up of the Times building and the slaying of twenty innocent men formed an incident.

There will be no such theatric displays of criminal counsel permitted as were seen in the court room at a recent collateral trial in Los Angeles. The prosecutor at Indianapolis is the federal government and the trial judge a member of the federal bench who will tolerate no nonsense. An important ruling of the court at the outset of the trial of the forty-six defendants is the right of the prosecution to introduce evidence of the alleged illegal interstate shipment of dynamite and nitroglycerine and the purpose of the illicit distributors of the explosives. The district attorney in his opening address said he would prove that these dangerous explosives were transported from one state to another on passengers trains to the great menace to the traveling public and an infernal machine devised whereby a charge of explosives with a long fuse attached was set off by an alarm clock, so the dynamiters could be hundreds of miles away when their destructive work was accomplished.

Incidents were cited showing that the destructive conspiracy was carried on at Boston, New York, Jersey City, Hoboken, Albany, Buffalo, Cincinnati. Chicago, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Omaha, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles, in all of which cities the defendants as individuals met to arrange for their dynamiting jobs. In spite of the enormity of the crimes charged and the number of defendants involved a jury was obtained in just thirteen hours. Contrast this expedition with the interminable delays in any state criminal court, or, to be specific, in our own county seat superior courts.

ADVANTAGES OF TORRENS SYSTEM

SEVERAL months ago we intimated that one of the reform measures likely to come before the next legislature would be the amending of the Torrens system of land title registration, to include the state guarantee of title made effective by an assurance fund in charge of the state treasurer and held to reimburse holders of certificates from any loss sustained. That such an amendment will be bitterly fought by the title insurance companies and others in interest is unquestioned and when we hinted that the abstract companies could not afford to have their personal representatives in the legislature straying off after other political plums it was said advisedly. It will be interesting to note the attitude of two of our state senators from this county when the amended Torrens bill is before the legislature.

When the law is amended and in thorough working order, with the state guarantee behind it, transfers may be effected at about one-fourth the present cost to property owners and thrice more expeditiously. When that time comes, naturally, the business of the title insurance companies will be greatly curtailed and the profits similarly reduced. The major part of their present functions will be relegated to the county recorder's office which will issue the state certificates of title. These certificates will form just as good collateral as any first-class gold bond for the basis of a loan and in that way prove doubly acceptable to the holder.

In every way the Torrens system is beneficial. Its simplicity, its cheapness, its absolute guarantee, and the celerity with which transfers may be made appeal with strong force to those who have given thought to the subject. It is in successful operation in Illinois, but although authorized by statute in California for ten or twelve years the system has not come into general use in this state because of the absence of the guarantee clause which the next legislature will be asked to include. The fund for this purpose is obtained by levying a small fee on every certificate of title issued under the Torrens act. It will in nowise prove a burden on the individual as even with that added the cost of a certificate will be considerably less than through the present harrowingly expensive method.

THEODORE'S "TEPID" SUFFRAGE TRIBUTE

FAIR PLAY is a jewel not to be discerned among the third party's verbal gems. From Roosevelt down the tendency is to arrogate to the Progressives all the known virtues while accusing the other candidates and their party platforms of numerous derelictions that in nowise appertain to them. Thus, Gov. Wilson, for several weeks following his nomination, was deliberately misrepresented by Roosevelt as being under control of the bosses of his party, a pusillanimous charge that was echoed by his adulating organs until the known facts to the contrary so palpably refuted the silly accusation that both principal and incense-burners were impelled to take a new tack. The defeat of "Boss" Smith of New Jersey for the senate and the later forced retirement of Gov. Dix, both mainly attributable to Gov. Wilson's uncompromising attitude, emphasized his freedom from boss domination.

Quite as unfair are the mean flings taken at Mr. Taft. For his failure to keep his tariff revision pledges he has paid the price long ago predicted, but to attempt to burden him with sins of omission for which he in nowise is to blame is a contemptible procedure. The latest silly accusation is that when Mr. Taft was out here last year and the suffrage reform was a burning issue, he was silent concerning the movement, although now he is heard saying that "the ballot in the hands of the women would have a most beneficial bearing on the general welfare." One of the worst offenders in this respect is the Los Angeles Tribune to which paper the former president of the Political Equality League of Southern California, Mrs. Seward Simons, addresses a spirited communication pointing out that Mr. Taft's visit in California last year was in October, after the suffrage amendment had passed; that his views on the question were not sought, but that he paid his respects to the new voters by remarking, at the Auditorium, where he spoke, that "he hoped they noticed that he bowed very low to them."

Mrs. Simons sarcastically observes that the Tribune was simply a little mixed as to the person who, as a visitor in Los Angeles in the strenuous days of September, preceding the vote, refused to say a word for suffrage. She advises:

> As president of the Political Equality League I wrote Mr. Roosevelt a personal letter, which was delivered into his hands in Pasadena, in which I asked him to say something endorsing suffrage, but no such word was vouchsafed. When Mr. Roosevelt was at Berkeley he stated that a woman in Los Angeles had written him asking him to say a word in favor of suffrage, but that as he was "only tepidly in favor of it" he could not do so. However, when Mr. Roosevelt reached Washington where women were already voters, he said he had no doubt the women had accomplished much good with the ballot.

This is a bullmooseye that effectually discloses the insincerity of the attack on Taft. We might supplement Mrs. Simons' testimony by calling attention to the later statement of Roosevelt in which he betrayed his want of sympathy in the suffrage cause by declaring that it was an issue to be settled by the states and then only when the women by referendary vote had shown they wanted the ballot. As to his Berkeley declaration that he could not speak for suffrage as he was "only tepidly in favor of it" we happen to know that he told a bright Los Angeles woman soon after, who scolded him for that remark, that even the "tepid" acknowledgment would get him into dire trouble at home, since Mrs. Roosevelt was bitterly opposed to woman suffrage. It is a hazardous practice to pay too much homage to idols having clay feet. The Tribune will be in hot water continuously if it essays the task of lauding its candidate by contrast. There are too many stray chickens of the Colonel's that may, at any time, meander home to roost.

MARSHALL'S PERTINENT QUERY

WHEN Governor "Tom" Marshall opens his mouth to speak his utterances may not be designated pearls of wisdom, but for pungent pithiness of expression he has few superiors. At Harrisburg last night he explained to his large audience the insidious workings of that species of intoxication known as auto-intoxication, whereby the victim for the moment brings to the surface his hidden nature. "Man," dryly observed the Indiana governor, "to be judged correctly with reference to his usefulness in society, is to be judged by his normal and not his abnormal thought and conduct. None of us doubts the truths of religion, but many of us doubt the declarations made during intense religious excitement."

Gov. Marshall then proceeded to ram home this homiletical point. The statements of men in office, he argued, are not to be doubted because their utterances and conduct are governed by the usual and normal spirit which controls thought and action. He contended that in a political campaign we have a right to compare the man's statements and actions upon the stump with his statements and actions while in office in order to determine not whether the man is honest, but whether he has not intoxicated himself with the excitement of political campaigning.

Then by natural progression the canny speaker reviewed the conduct of "certain men" now seeking the suffrage of the people one as President of the United States, the other as governor of Indiana and his conclusion is that each is a victim of auto or self-intoxication. Both Roosevelt and Beveridge, he asserts, in the long period of their office holding, were so closely allied with the vicious tendencies in the economic life of the people, and were so active in defending the trusts, despising the law and serving Perkins, Morgan, and Harriman that our people may well inquire what has come over the spirit of their dreams. Doubting Thomas wonders if, when the campaign is over and self-intoxication has passed away, this better self will disappear and the old theories of thought and conduct which in the past years guided and controlled them will again take possession of their official lives—provided they are in office? "May we not think and reasonably expect," queries Mr. Wilson's astute running mate, "that the Perkinses, the Morgans, and the Harrimans will sit close to the throne," as formerly? It is a logical inference in view of the proximity of Perkins to the Roosevelt dais in this campaign.

TARDY INTERVENTION BY THE POWERS

EUROPEAN intervention designed to prevent war between the Balkan states and Turkey was just two and a half hours late, according to cable dispatches. Austro-Russia took the initiative in a warning note to the Montenegrin government, but the admonition was received after the Ottoman Charge d'Affaires had been given his passports and the cabinet took the ground that it could not recede since a rupture of diplomatic relations was a fait accompli. Turkey's refusal to give Montenegro satisfaction over the long-standing boundary quarrel was the ostensible cause of the break, but trained diplomats assert that the decision of Montenegro is part of a concerted movement by the Balkan powers in which Montenegro is but a unit. The other members of the Balkan league were to throw down the gauntlet to Turkey as soon as the mobilization of their armies was complete.

It is explained that while no formal alliance has been perfected between the Balkan States, Bulgaria is the connecting link, having a treaty with both Montenegro and Servia and also with Greece. With the

Bulgarians eager for the fray and Servia and Greece in a similar mood, little Montenegro has been egged on to take the initiative. That a declaration of war will follow from the three other units is not doubted. Paris papers are inclined to scold Great Britain for her tardiness in agreeing to the phraseology of the note of reproof, a censure which the British office deprecates as having a tendency to furnish Germany with material for tart criticism of England. It is likely that Germany, Great Britain and France will now join with Austria and Russia in an effort to prevent a general uprising in the Balkans. They will combine upon Bulgaria, urging a prompt cessation of the military concentration. If, however, Montenegro has issued her defi in obedience to a prearranged plan, it will be too late for Bulgaria to recede without great dishonor. Good faith to the other units in the movement will demand a general declaration against Turkey.

In spite of the popular belief that the Turks are an effeminate race and that when pitted against the Balkans powers, plus Greece, the odds will be overwhelmingly against the Ottoman empire, the real facts are that the Turkish soldiers have a deserved reputation as excellent fighters who will give good account of themselves in frontier warfare. Peace with Italy leaves the nation free to give undivided attention to the eruptive Balkans, leaving the outcome difficult to forecast. Bulgaria, of course, is the strongest individual force against which Turkey will be pitted if the war becomes general, and as an independent state it is bound to prove the leader in the fracas. The recall of the Grecian minister to Constantinople and the reported simultaneous severing of diplomatic relations by Servia and Bulgaria with Turkey is portentous of a united front against the Ottoman empire. The European powers appear to be too late with their note of warning. The Balkan dogs of war are loosed.

HAPPY RETURNS TO A REAL POET

INASMUCH as James Whitcomb Riley belongs to the nation quite as much as to his native state of Indiana we gladly join in the chorus of acclaim that has been invited to be extended to the Hoosier poet in this his fifty-ninth birthday anniversary week. Fitly called the American Burns this singer of songs that reach the heart well deserves the tribute of a grateful people and we who know him personally are all the readier to burn incense before the poet who, to paraphrase Meredith Nicholson,

> Has sought no high and strenuous key
> To mark his homely minstrelsy.

We know of two generations who have fed on Riley's quaintly humorous poetic concepts. They have wept with "Little Marjorie," chuckled over Herbert Graham with his "Was I There, Ma?" shouted in chorus as they summoned the "Doodlebugs" to "Come up and get some bread!" ridden across lots with "The Boy Lives on Our Farm," watched the hired girl slip pies out to the Raggedy Man, shivered over Little Orphant Annie and the Gobble-uns she evoked, sympathized with the woes unfolded in "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry," brushed away a furtive tear when the runaway boy was restored to his fond mother's arms, and rejoiced when Santa Claus' recurring visits invariably brought a new book of Riley's poems if the exigencies of newspaper life allowed nothing else in the family stocking.

Not for children alone has James Whitcomb Riley written. His appeal is to the elders quite as much as to the youngsters as all who have revelled in his "Ole Swimmin' Hole" poems will readily testify. We who have broken bread with Riley, who have heard him read his own poems, illustrated so vividly by the motions of those delicate, speaking hands of his, who realize that he wrote verse because he couldn't help himself—that it was second nature to do so—take this occasion to wish the dear Hoosier poet many happy returns of his natal day and to express the hope that the old home on Lockerbie street, in Indianapolis, may continue to be occupied by its genial owner for many a decade to come. After that his home will be in the hearts of the common people of whom and about whom he has sung in his own inimitable way.

EXPLOITING AN INVENTOR

BURBANKING is a term likely to be applied in a direction other than the eugenics of the race, as Dr. David Starr Jordan employed it in an address two weeks ago. It is also applicable to subscription book promotion and is, in fact, directly suggested by the ingenious scheme presented by those who have capitalized the inventor, Luther Burbank, and are now engaged in getting returns on their investment. We admit to receiving an invitation to form one of an exclusive number selected to become life members in the Luther Burbank Society. The initiation fee is nominal, only one dollar, but the obligation thereafter is ten dollars a month for fifteen months or $150.

What is the quid pro quo? Here is the milk in the cocoanut: One complete twelve-volume set of the works of Luther Burbank, set up, illustrated, printed and bound *strictly* for the life members of the Luther Burbank Society, to be delivered as published, and the delivery to be completed within fifteen months. What a coincidence. What is to follow? Ah! Here's where our friends will seize the bait: A register of the life members of the Luther Burbank Society in recognition of their generous aid toward perpetuating Luther Burbank records and thus making them available to the people. Noble, isn't it? But that is not all. O, no. The individual name—tread softly, please—of the Life Member—capital letters, Mr. Linotype Man—engraved upon a special title page dedication autographed—a fan, quick—by Luther Burbank. Tut, tut, that is not all. Read this:

> Each member is to have the privilege of subscribing in triplicate to the scroll of The Society which will appear in the finished books. Of the three original signed scrolls one is to be presented to Luther Burbank, the second to the Library of Congress and the third to be retained in the archives of The Society. A card of admission to the Luther Burbank Experiment Farms at Santa Rosa and Sebastopol, which will entitle the member in person to the freedom of the grounds and a full explanation of the experiments being carried on. Six cards of introduction (renewable) which the member may issue in favor of acquaintances, so that they may enjoy the same privilege of inspection and explanation of the Burbank Experiment Farms as would be accorded the member himself. The cards are supplied in a convenient leather pocket case.

O, la la! A reward unpurchasable by money, we should say so. To every member, without payment other than the moderate fee of the society ($151) will be presented one complete twelve-volume set of the Burbank books. And don't forget the special title page dedication, autographed by Luther Burbank HIMSELF (the capitals are ours, the pronoun his exploiters). The Aurora faker in his palmiest days never projected anything serener than this society—"chartered not for profit." That well-known bibliophile of San Francisco, Mr. R. A. Crothers of the Bulletin, is a life member. The president of an Alaskan packing association seems to have accepted the invitation. Brother Hornick of the San Francisco Call has yielded to the gentle suasion. Mr. Pinkham of the Post, doubtless of kin to the literary Lydia, is an immortal. Gustave Pabst of the brewing company has sipped. Our own Mr. Henry E. Huntington seems to be the sole representative this side of the Tehachapi, but wait until the new crop is gathered.

CAUSE AND PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT

WHY shouldn't Alfonso Silva, the Oakland man who shot and fatally injured his wife, exercise his disposition to kill with impunity? The fear of reprisal by the state—a life for a life—has been removed by our beneficent executive and his equally kind-hearted understudy. Regardless of the statute, the courts and juries these men, sworn to uphold the law, have been foremost in evading its mandate. They have set a sorry pattern to the state whose exemplars they should have been. What is the result? The county jailer reveals it: There are twenty-five men in the Los Angeles county jail on the charge of murder and seven more for assault to commit murder. Jailer Gallagher says already the vagaries of our chief officials are the subject of whispered comment among the inmates who figure their chances of escaping penalty as a merchant computes his gains.

Nor is this all. Outside the jail the cheapening of human life by those whose duty it is to guard it has had a curious pyschological effect on the masses in respect to less ignominious crimes than that of murder. Last week, a Los Angeles official who has been prominently responsible for the chastening of the viciously disposed was himself detected in contributing to the delinquency of a minor and his conduct paraded in many columns of print by the prurient newspapers of the county seat. Wholly aside from the flippant comment heard on every side in regard to this deplorable disclosure is this indefensible display of a revolting incident. The most deplorable result of such publicity was to disturb the public mind by showing how misplaced was its confidence in its sworn officials. By adopting a concerted policy of silence the alleged guilty man could have been forced to resign and the community while thus safeguarded could also have been spared the repugnant theme which even young boys have discussed, thanks to the freely voiced innuendoes of the press.

Is the culprit, said to have been taken flagrante delicto, properly excoriated? No. The standards of morality seem to have become wobbly, due to the insidious attacks on the law by the state executive and his vice-regent. If a sordid murderer may be excused, if an embezzler is to be pardoned, why may not a city prosecutor's lapse be condoned? He was the victim of a cunning trap; he "fell" for a plant, say his apologists. Give him another chance. To do what? Repeat his transgression? Contribute to that which he is sworn to suppress? What atrocious logic. Yet it is exactly what is said in the executive's office and repeated in the damnable doctrines now being promulgated by unsound newspapers. Let this tendency to mollycoddle murderers be fostered, the unwise pardoning of men who have proved false to their trusts continue and public morals will presently be in so chaotic a state that the most fantastic efforts to condone crime will seem perfectly reasonable and society will be utterly demoralized.

PUZZLING DISPARITIES OF JUSTICE

WITHOUT knowing all the circumstances that surround the two cases we hesitate to condemn the action of the two San Francisco judges whose curiously contrasting sentences are arousing more or less acrid comment. The embezzling cashier of a life insurance company, whose peculations amounted to $15,000, was sent to San Quentin for eighteen months, an appeal for probation being denied. At the same time, in an adjoining court room, another superior court judge consigned to the same penitentiary for a term of four years a derelict convicted of stealing $100 from his employers. He, too, was refused probation.

It may be that the latter case presented more vicious details than in that of the former, but in the absence of proof to the contrary we assume that each was an ordinary case of breach of trust. We should like to know the mode of reasoning by which the two jurists arrived at conclusions evincing such disparity in the dispensing of justice. Why should a $100 thief get four years and a $15,000 embezzler—note the discriminative terminology—receive less than one-half so severe a sentence? We are puzzled and shocked by this apparent unfairness.

Presumably, the bigger thief was able to employ cleverer counsel than the "cheaper" knave. This is the theory upon which Acting Governor Wallace proceeded when he commuted Figueroa's capital sentence to life imprisonment. Although he and his associates have, in the past, fulminated against the monstrous technicalities of the law, which caused them to advocate the recall of judges, because the Ocean Park murderer had not been able to take advantage of the law's evasive tricks and not because he was innocent of the foul crime the inconsistent executive mitigated the sentence.

Ireland's Unique Contribution to the Drama---By Randolph Bartlett

FIRST OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON YEATS, SYNGE AND LADY GREGORY—(FOURTEENTH PAPER ON MODERN DRAMA)

NO ONE has written the history of Irish literature, because publishers would find it hardly worth while to publish so small a volume. Until the last decade, Samuel Lover and Charles Lever stood practically alone as representatives of the Emerald Isle in the world of letters, each in his separate sphere. Tom Moore was Irish in personality, but his poems are no more Irish in spirit, as a general rule, than they are English or French. From his plays, the brilliant iconoclast, George Bernard Shaw, would never be suspected of Irish descent, excepting for his constitutional tendency to be "forninst the government." Yet there are few people with such a wealth of traditional lore, such a store of picturesque legends, and such a ready imagination for developing and elaborating what is handed down from generation to generation, as the Irish. Also, there is the intense love of country and national spirit, often divided into bitterly hostile factions, as at present, it is true, but all the more intense from that fact itself. Why, then, has there been no school of Irish literature, with so much splendid material at hand? The large percentage of illiteracy may have been a factor; the domination of the Roman church possibly may have been still more potent, for literature thrives only in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom; even more practical, however, is the absence of reward. The artist must live, and Ireland offered no highly remunerative field, so usually the aspiring writer would leave his native land, and by the time he had reached the height of his powers, would be glorifying his adopted country.

Yet the field was there at hand for the genius who could command the opportunity. The tales of Brian Boru and the kings of Ireland in the ancient times are no less authentic and certainly as picturesque as the legends of King Arthur and his Hundred Knights, yet until Lady Gregory wrote her "Gods and Fighting Men" the accounts of these achievements and adventures were obscure and vague. Scotland's song and story recount with great enthusiasm the deeds done for the fallen Stuarts, but it was in Ireland that King William perceived the greater danger, and there that the Battle of the Boyne was fought. So from page to page of history, while Ireland seldom has been the center of conflict, it always has been a picturesque factor on one side or another, in almost every struggle upward of the Anglo-Saxon.

So, except Lever and Lover, and the scarcely less delightful Seumas MacManus of more recent times, and a few lesser lights, until the last few years the Irish people have been unrepresented in literature and misrepresented on the stage, until the mental picture entertained by the average person when Ireland was mentioned, was grotesque in the extreme—a phantasmagoria of pigs, clay pipes, potatoes, shamrocks, shillalahs, begorrahs, colleens, blarney, peat bogs, red hair and whiskey as hot as the native temper. Enter William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory and John M. Synge. If these three writers had been standing on the outside, looking in, and had felt that they were called to set Ireland right before the world, it is quite likely that the world would have paid little attention to them, and would still be entertaining its grotesqueries. But they were on the inside, and looking more inward still. First of all they loved Ireland, loved it as it is and as it was. They loved its history and its traditions, its people, its folklore, and even its faults. What more natural than that there should have grown up about them a coterie of nationalists, the mutual encouragement giving birth to an art so true that, while fundamentally of their own country, it was bound to be seized upon by the world? The history of the National Theater Society, its battles with prejudice and stupidity on both sides of the Atlantic, and its triumph over all difficulties, is a record so recent and so remarkable that even the metropolitan daily press has seen fit to recognize a few of its more sensational manifestations.

This, then, is something more than a mere literary success. It is a triumph of sincerity forcing the world to become interested in a subject of which it cared little, for the reason that whenever art is founded upon truth it cannot but be universal. It was only that which was universal in Irish history and Irish traditions which could interest these great minds, but it was only by the exercise of their genius that they were able to retain both the outwardly national and the inwardly universal, thereby creating a unique art which has been approached by probably only a few of the greater of the Russians. Gorky for Yeats, Tolstoy for Synge and Tchekhof for Lady Gregory would be fair parallels. The point is that the entire basis of the greatness of this new Irish school of drama is the fact that it was addressed to a small audience, intensely interested in its subject. It recalls the words of a recent song:

I plays the banjo better now,
Than him that taught me to—
Beca'se he plays for all de worl',
But I jes' plays for you.

So, primarily a labor of love, the work of these three writers was soon recognized, and now occupies a distinctive place in the dramatic literature of the day which it promises to hold permanently. Conditions which have given rise to many of the most important modern dramas may so change that another generation or two may find it necessary to study its textbooks of social history to understand the problems discussed, but it is impossible to conceive such a change in the human race that the elemental tragedies and allegories of Synge and Yeats will lose their interest, and there is a truly Shakespearean quality in Lady Gregory that is an effective bulwark against the ravages of time.

Of this little group of dramatists, in their essentials Synge is the tragedian, Yeats the poet, Lady Gregory the historian. The two former have utilized Irish scenes, myths and characters principally as the garb for abstract ideas. Synge's transcendent genius is displayed in his ability to write a play which is superficially beautiful even to the most casual reader or audience, even without the exquisite depths and undertones which appear to the more sympathetic mind. Yeats, on the other hand, while his work is always musical and charming to the ear, cares almost nothing for the surface story dissociated from his inner theme. This is the difference between the writer who employs symbols and one who uses the purely allegorical method, and as the present day rush for culture causes many to impute hidden meanings to simple things, there has arisen a certain confusion of ideas in regard to these two literary forms. It is necessary to have a clear understanding of them before attempting any discussion of the Irish dramatists in detail.

First of all, the symbol may be a mere incident of a play which otherwise is absolutely realistic. Such is the "Masked Man" of the last act of Wedekind's "The Awakening of Spring;" after four acts of everyday character the author, to avoid a tedious soliloquy, has the leading character persuaded from suicide by a figure representing Life. In any serious work symbols are likely to creep in, almost before the author himself is aware of it. Desiring to emphasize a certain point with an illustration so distinctive that it cannot be overlooked, he carries the metaphor to its highest point, and creates a symbol. Here is the stumbling block of many of the students of the modern drama. Finding an unmistakable symbol in one instance, they immediately leap to the unwarranted conclusion that everything in the play is symbolic. That is the reason so many become inextricably involved in the reading of such plays as Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," through which the symbols are generously scattered, but without any interrelationship; "Peer Gynt" must be read as a poem with a series of illustrations. It is in his mastery of symbolism that Synge's genius is revealed, but, as will be shown later, in a consideration of "The Playboy of the Western World," it is the inability to distinguish between symbolism and allegory that resulted in those spectacular riots protesting against this play, which were fine for business but death to understanding.

When the author carries symbolism to its ultimate degree, he has created an allegory; and it is the plays which lie upon the border land between realism with symbols, and pure allegory, that cause all the trouble these days. Not only to the reader alone does this confusion come, but often to the author himself. In his later years Ibsen had a great deal of trouble deciding whether to write allegory or merely employ symbols, and as a result, "John Gabriel Borkman" and "When We Dead Awaken" are among his most puzzling plays. It is doubtful if he himself had a clear idea of what he was driving at in the latter. One of the best (if not the highest) examples of pure allegory in modern literature is Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," in which the brilliant Belgian has shown how a clever writer can make a play out of a platitude by weaving about his theme the semblance of profundity in a form sufficiently obvious to be grasped by the most superficial, whose vanity is highly tickled in consequence. Yeats is almost always allegorical, and the advantage of this lies in the fact that, as he is never commonplace, although also never subtle for the mere purpose of the challenge of intelligence itself, he is certain to have only an intelligent audience. Clothed in his inimitable poetry, these allegorical plays, while lacking that elemental force which characterizes Synge, are among the most exquisite creations in English literature.

This, then, is the main distinction between Synge and Yeats, between the symbolic and the allegorical—that while the former may be a mere incident in a realistic work, which has no special motive, or in which the symbol is not the leading motive, the latter runs throughout the work, and provides the main theme. It would be a mistake, however, just because one character or set of characters manifestly is allegorical, to attempt to place similar values upon all the others, for the exigencies of the drama, written for the stage, are such that it is practically impossible to dispense with a few lay figures. It is this semi-allegory that Yeats usually employs, his drama gaining force from the touch of realism which provides a background for the allegory itself.

Emerson says: "The moment our discourse rises above the ground line of familiar facts, and is influenced by passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself with images. Hence good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories." This is a typical failure to distinguish clearly between the symbol and the allegory. It is difficult to conceive of a writer being carried unconsciously into the creation of a consistent allegory, merely by the fervor of his own ideas. But it is not so difficult to imagine the intensely sincere artist creating symbol after symbol extemporaneously. So the student of Yeats must always feel behind his plays the keen scholar, the strong directing mind carrying his work along a definite line to a definite conclusion. With Synge, however, one receives the impression that his work mastered him, rather than he his work, and that, in the midst of his scenes, symbols would leap up spontaneously to give deeper meaning to the surface story. It is a beautiful contrast.

Lady Gregory's position in the triumvirate is more clearly defined and unmistakable. Yeats and Synge would have been dramatists and poets on a desert isle. Lady Gregory became interested in the stage through her absorption in the Irish traditions. Her "Gods and Fighting Men" and similar compilations of national lore, had furnished the new school of Irish writers with an eldorado of material before she herself had developed what George Bernard Shaw declares to be the keenest sense of the dramatic of any living writer—or was it any woman writer? Of her thirteen plays and sketches now published, the five longest ones are founded upon Irish history or historical legends, one upon the children of Israel in Egypt, four are one-act farces, and three tabloid dramas. Only once, however, does she depart from the realm of the real to indulge in fantasy. Even her farces are redolent of the "ould sod."

In all three of these representatives of the new Irish drama one is impressed forcibly by the prevalence of the one-act plays. As the National Theater Society which had inspired, or encouraged their work, was free from all conventional tradition, so the dramatists themselves could allow themselves to express their ideas in whatever form was most suitable. If the idea was capable of being hammered home in one pulsating scene, it was so written, and not stretched out thinly over four or five acts. So of ten of Yeats' plays, seven are in one act, of six of Synge's three are in one act, and of thirteen of Lady Gregory's nine are in one act.

In another respect is the new Irish school preeminent among most of the important modern dramatists, and that is that the plays are written for the stage rather than the library. With a theater at hand demanding material, there was incentive to work with a practical spirit. And yet this was no "Henry W. Savage producing theater" that they were working for, so it was preferable that the staging should be simple. Resulting from this we have a technique as nearly perfect as that of Strindberg, classic in its simplicity and modern in its spirit. In one play only of the several volumes I have before me, is there any demand for elaborate effects, "The Countess Cathleen," and even in this the apparent difficulty might be surmounted by a stage manager with a thorough knowledge of how to handle his lights. This simplicity of mechanical construction is not important to those who merely want to read plays, but to those of us who hope, at no extremely remote time, to see the evolution of a class of theater-goers who will demand of the theater something besides sensations, slap-sticks and silk stockings, it means much. It means that throughout the country little organizations of amateurs find at hand plays which are charming, which are not controlled by either of the theatrical trusts, and which can be staged with a minimum of expense combined with a maximum of effectiveness. Almost all of Synge's plays, in this way, have become more or less familiar to Americans, Yeats also has been introduced from time to

time, and why Lady Gregory, especially her one-act farces, has been neglected it is a little difficult to understand. So these intelligent amateurs, while one must admit that they do not always give the smooth performance that would bring out the full value of the plays, at least are creating an appetite for real drama.

For the purpose of gaining a comprehensive view of the works of these three writers published in America thus far, they will be taken up in this series in the following divisions:

Synge's symbolic plays: "The Playboy of the Western World" and "The Well of the Saints."

Synge's tragedies: "Dierdre of the Sorrows," "Riders to the Sea" and "The Shadow of the Glen."

Lady Gregory's historical tragedies: "Kincora," "Grania" and "Dervorgilla."

Lady Gregory's historical comedies: "The White Cockade" and "The Canavans."

Yeats' allegorical poems: "Countess Cathleen," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Shadowy Waters."

Yeats' historical poems: "On Baile's Strand," "The King's Threshold" and "Dierdre."

Yeats' prose dramas: "The Unicorn From the Stars," "The Hour Glass" and "Cathleen Ni Houlihan."

Nowhere is the spirit of these three writers so pungently expressed as in the conclusion to Synge's preface to his "Playboy:" "In Ireland, for a few years more, we have a popular imagination that is fiery and magnificent, and tender; so that those of us who wish to write start with a chance that is not given to writers in places where the springtime of life has been forgotten, and the harvest is a memory only, and the straw has been turned into bricks."

FRENCH BUSINESS METHODS ARE COSTLY

IF YOU had the privilege of reading the French newspapers just now you would find yourself confronted frequently with staring head-lines in good English, at times accompanied by a translation in small italics: *"Made in Germany."* Why they should use the English phrase over here is one of those mysteries which no one can ever solve, but that the French people, with their hatred of everything German, their ill-disguised envy of Germany's success, and their itching anxiety for a war, should harp on this phrase or its French translation, is not at all surprising. The curious thing about it is the attitude they take toward this invasion of German goods.

I think the average way we expect a man who is worthy of the name to take his troubles is to meet them squarely, to look them full in the fact, to try to find out their real cause and to fight them off if possible. This is certainly the way business men meet their competitors. The means they finally adopt to overcome competition may not be strictly fair, but all is fair in love and war, and business competition is certainly war if anything is. But however the average business man meets competition, he meets it at least standing up with his eyes wide open. If he ultimately fails and goes under he does so because he is not so smart nor so rich nor so young or, perhaps, is more honest than his enemy.

But the French attitude is everything but this. So far as I can find out the French rival of German-made goods simply shuts his eyes; says, these things are made by Germans, how can they be good? Is not the Frenchman known for his skilled workmanship? Our goods are not only better but cheaper than these German goods! And then he goes around the corner to a cafe where he can meet kindred spirits, and altogether in unison they bluster about the supremacy of France and French arms and how they will march to Berlin when the next war breaks out and leave the poor German just little patches of ground here and there on which to eke out his miserable existence.

I must say in self-defence that I have no partiality toward either of these rival nations, both of them altogether foreign to me. I simply try to see things as they are and report them to my readers to the best of my ability. And what I report here is perfectly exact as you may convince yourself by referring to French papers,—particularly Le Matin,—of recent date. The thing has caused so much talk that one of the cabinet ministers has taken it up for investigation. A cartoon in three parts came out in one of the papers dealing with this burning question. The first picture represented the French "drummer" being entertained in Berlin by his German confrere. The second picture was the visit of the Berlin merchant to Paris. The third picture showed two stores side by side in Paris, the one belonging to the German who has seen his opportunity and moved in, the other to the Frenchman, and on the door of this one is a sign bearing the work "Bankrupt!"

My thought was immediately: "I should think the French paper would be ashamed to print such a thing. If a German can come in here to a foreign city and drive out the native is it not an evidence of German superiority? And can this superiority be fought by propaganda? Will patriotism lead people away from the store where they can buy best and cheapest even if it does belong to the hated German? Of course not! But are the German goods generally better than the French? That I am strongly inclined to doubt, though I must acknowledge the greatest ignorance of the subject and can only base my opinion on general observation. As one paper remarked, however: "It is not sufficient merely to manufacture goods; it is necessary also to sell them."

Here is where the industrious, tenacious, thick-skinned German gets in his good work. While his French brother is sitting around getting over the effects of a slight affront which has caused his quick temper to rise and led to angry words that have perhaps spoilt a deal, the German, kicked out of the front door, goes in at the back, always unoffended, always smiling, always intent simply, impersonally, upon selling his goods. The unfortunate effects of this personal temper which the Frenchman seems to feel on all possible occasions cannot certainly be exaggerated. If he happens to like you he will attend to your needs as few others can, but if he harbors a small spite against you he will embrace every opportunity of trying to get even with you. In the course of ordinary business there is no room for such personal feeling, and there is no doubt in my mind that it is not the inferiority of French goods but this peculiar attitude that injures French trade and gives the foreigner a chance. And no better example of this personal feeling can be cited than the one surprising fact that, with all this talk about the German invasion, you never hear a word about the American invasion which is much more serious.

The matter of fixed prices is one which has always been a wonder to the traveling American. Of course, we know in a general sort of way that the retail trade all over Europe is run on the principle of asking more for a thing than it is worth and then coming down on the price. I suppose that America must have invented the fixed-price system. At all events, the European nations are only gradually coming to adopt it, England and Germany being in the lead. In Paris, certain of the large department stores have the one price system, but almost all of the other stores have all sorts of prices. For instance, a woman told me recently that one store asked her seventy francs for a hat and finally came down to thirty-five, that is, just half of the origanal price. And this is not for the foreigner only, but for everybody. If you ask the price of a vacant apartment you will always be named a few hundred francs above the actual price. This thing of bargaining down seems to be an understood thing. One of the finest pieces of literature in the French language is the description of a bargain between two French peasants which is given by Stendhal in his famous novel "Le Rouge et le Noir."

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But even the native does not like it. The average citizen of Paris likes to feel that the price asked for a thing is a fair price and that they are getting their money's worth. And it is just here that the German and American stores make good. They are perfectly trustworthy. They sell at a fair profit and treat everybody, rich and poor, alike. I am told by Americans who are doing business here that it is difficult to get salesmen who are willing patiently to show the stock to people who seem unlikely to buy. I know by experience that, except in the large department stores, the clerk acts as if he would like to throw you out if, after looking at things, you do not make a purchase. It is unspeakably annoying. The matter of personal temper which I have already mentioned also comes constantly into play even where the clerk has nothing to gain or lose. For instance, at the postoffice there are certain regulations about sending packages abroad. Naturally, the general public cannot be expected to know these things, but the clerk will become positively insulting if you ask for detailed information, and will throw every possible difficulty in the way of your mailing your package. For example, they will insist upon a lot of seals being placed on the outside, and after this is satisfactorily accomplished, they will suddenly ask you if the package is wrapped in oilcloth inside of the box, and if it is not they will refuse to send it until this is done, which means that the packing has to be done all over again.

Of course, this is just meanness. When it enters into government matters it is simply annoying; but if it enters into business deals it ruins trade, there can be no doubt of that. And it is here that the German salesman wins out against his French rival. There is no country in the world today more artistic than the French. Of this I have become more and more convinced every day of my stay here. And yet nearly all of the picture-post-cards sold here are made in Germany; nearly all of the little china ornaments that decorate our mantle-pieces are made in Germany; and, most astonishing of all, nearly all of the photographs of French monuments are made in Germany!

Now, here is the curious part of it for the student of human nature and of foreign customs. The papers have been complaining of these postal cards and photographs for some time, and always you find the comment that these things are examples of horrible German art or silly German sentimentalism. But there can be no doubt whatever of one fact and that is, that there is a certain and large demand for these things, for every little cigar store or newsstand has its stock of them. The noticeable thing about all of these pictures, whether postal cards of photographic reproductions of art, is that they nearly all are strictly moral and nearly all represent in an attractive light the sanctity of home life, while the French pictures are mostly associated with a form of immorality. But if there is a demand for these things why do not French firms try to imitate them? Are these people so deeply artistic that they are unwilling to manufacture an inartistic thing even if money is to be made from it? That is certainly hard to believe. I am rather more inclined to the opinion that those who have these things in hand are unable to understand the common people.

* * *

It is always a surprise for us all to find how strictly moral are the common people. A melodrama that is not based on the most puritanical morality will not go at all. And those things which make the strongest popular appeal in melodrama are the defense of virtue and the villain's defeat, and this is just as true here as it is anywhere else in the world. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of this problem, though it will be taken up again another time. The point is, that the Germans understand the French nature better than the French do themselves; either this, or the French manufacturer is simply too lazy to act, and lets the business slip by him. This point is very difficult, if not impossible, for an outsider to determine. Certain it is that in the French colonies, which ought, one would think, to be a regular goldmine for French trade, German firms are doing the majority of the business. I am told that even the ports in these colonies are served principally by German ships. Some of the French papers have even urged the government to act in this matter. But what can the government do? We are not living in the middle ages and ports cannot be simply closed to foreign trade. If the French ship owners cannot build good boats or furnish a satisfactory service, the merchant, whether French or German will have to use German boats. But is it not a curious phase?

Recently, two German firms have built branches of their manufactories in France in order to avoid certain French regulations regarding foreign made goods. And do you know what the papers have been writing, day after day, with big scare-head lines? That these manufactories are supported by the German government and that they have been placed, as if by accident, next door to French military storehouses or magazines so that the Germans, in case of war, could blow up these things or set them on fire and destroy them! There is no need to furnish any comment on any such foolishness as that, but here is something also that is no less amusing. A store on the Boulevard Haussmann recently placed the following sign on the door:

We Very Respectfully Invite
American Visitors
to notice
Entrance-fee one franc
Deducted on purchase.

No, it is not a museum, it is just an ordinary store where silver and imitation-silver fancy articles are sold. But can you imagine any brain except a French brain inventing such a trade-killer as that? Of course, no American would pay a franc in advance on his purchase, and I actually know of one case, which must be typical, of an American girl who saw something she liked in the window and was just about to go in and buy it when the sign scared her off. Americans here are either roaring with laughter or roaring with anger according to the way they take it. It is safe to say that those who have been here for some time see in it only one of France's unconscious humorisms, while new-comers, not yet accustomed to it, are angry at this insulting discrimination against America and Americans.

FRANK PATTERSON,

Paris, Sept. 24, 1912.

Col. Holabird's Conversion

Col. W. H. Holabird, who was the regular Republican candidate for congress from the Tenth district in the recent primary, has become a supporter of Woodrow Wilson. He appeared at Democratic county headquarters this week to announce his conversion, advising the leaders that he could be depended upon to do all in his power for the Democratic national ticket. He is one of hundreds, yes thousands, of Republicans in the state who this year will vote for Wilson.

MOVING DAY TRIALS IN SMART GOTHAM

IT'S moving day in New York. And moving day brings with it trials and tribulations, especially where it is thrust upon one quite gratuitously. Once, long ago, we moved and we vowed never again. Then it was because a certain old man who stood in the way of modern progress had died or was going to die, and it was joyfully announced that the old building was to come down and be replaced by a modern skyscraper. We moved. But the old man must have disappointed his heirs for the building is still standing. We found a place that had its advantages and were happy and comfortable for five years in spite of the fact that the landlord had a shifty eye. Then, one day, we learned the significance of the eye. Another had looked upon the apartment with favor and finding it good had sought the landlord surreptitiously, and he of the ill-favored optic had accepted a bonus to rent it to that other without saying by our leave to those who had for five years paid the rent promptly and faithfully cared for the plumbing.

* * *

Now, said we, we will be independent of janitors and other unpleasant accessories and seek a place over which we may be supreme. Tucked away in the middle of a block not far away was a plague spot in the shape of two suite rear tenements, plaguey, that is, to friends who being just in front pointed it out to us and it happened that we looked upon it and found that it could be made good and decided that the evil that had been done to us might be passed on to others. We, who numbered two, sought the owner and about forty-odd souls including women and children were asked to move on. Having found a place, it seemed as if we were at the end of our troubles, but they were only beginning. The owner has a henchman of undertakerish mien who is worse than a shifty eye, for there are things that even with a shifty eye one hesitates to do which seem quite possible when they may be turned over to a loyal henchman who is not afraid of soiling his fingers.

* * *

We paid our money in advance, well in advance, for the henchman refused to draw up a lease until a month's rent for each house had been carefully laid away. Then we found that the very careful verbal agreement was quite other than it had seemed when it had filtered through the henchman's stenographer. But there was nothing to do but sign it, for time in spite of protests had been permitted to pass. Then we were told that possession could not be obtained until two more months rent for each place had been paid. This money we yielded up reluctantly only to be told then the pleasing fact that though our lease read that we were to have, hold and peaceably enjoy said premises from Sept. 1—the previous tenants had already paid until Sept. 15—and could not legally be ejected, of course, it was illegal and various other sharp and unpleasant things, but the owner was a lawyer and he could defend a suit more easily than we could bring one. And such is life when dealing with New York landlords. Then came the contract. It had seemed quite possible to convert the "plague" into a garden spot with two or three hundred dollars, but alas and alack, there were building laws and tenement laws to be complied with, and the few hundred grew apace until they became a few thousand.

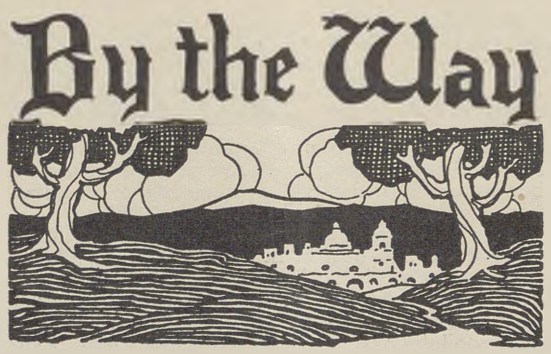
* * *

But still we have hopes. Moving day can not be put off. It is as inevitable as that final judgment day. What matter if the contractor had not finished one single room, in the furniture must go—and at 7:30 Sept. 30 the movers came. One load they took after due deliberation and then they went to return at 3 p. m. At four I nervously looked out of the window to see what had become of them. I saw below me, on top of a huge van, a box couch and upon it comfortable stretched a single man smoking a cigar. He was resting. At eight I sat on a barrel in the middle of an open court wearily directing, to this house top floor, to that house first floor. It was dark, the department had not yet approved the gas pipes so no gas was on. Every thing had to be brought through an absolutely dark tunnel across a court and up an absolutely dark stairway. But that is over and I have sought a temporary abode to recuperate from the strain and anticipate the delights of the new place when it shall be complete with fresh paint and dear little conical trees and gorgeous window boxes. We mean that it shall be a little oasis in the center of a New York City block. If five years is long enough. ANNE PAGE.

New York, October 7, 1912.

No Money on Roosevelt

While election wagers are not yet being registered in anything like their ordinary volume at this season, there is no money that Roosevelt and Johnson will carry California by 3000. The betting that Wilson and Marshall will carry the state is even at this time, but in small amounts as yet.



Sunday Will Bring Surcease

"Headachy" will probably be the one fit word to apply to the physical condition of the realty board members and their numerous guests of the same ilk in attendance at the annual meeting of the California Realty Board this week. Aside from the many able papers discussed at the business sessions were the luncheon at the Jonathan Club, the vaudeville entertainment at the Orpheum Friday night, at which a number of laughable stunts, specially prepared, were sprung on the 500 realty men present; and the banquet to take place tonight at the Alexandria will wind up the gathering in a blaze of glory. Sunday morning—but why dwell on dark-brown tastes!

"Our John" Is Unshackled

No longer will John Blackwood be forced to listen to the angry complaints of the pretty ingenue who declares that the juvenile is "swiping" her scenes; no longer will he pacify the leading woman who refuses to go on because the leading man gets the larger ovation. Early this week Mr. Blackwood disposed of his stock in the Morosco-Blackwood company to Oliver Morosco, who is the David Belasco of the West. However, the fact that he is no longer a partner does not mean that he will sever his connection with the Morosco forces, for he has accepted the position of director of publicity for the various enterprises thriving under the Morosco banner—which means a substantial salary without any of the worry over temperaments that harass the theatrical manager. Replacing Mr. Blackwood as vice-president of the corporation is Charles Eyton, manager of the Belasco theater. Joseph Montrose, manager of the Majestic, and a brother of Mr. Morosco, has been made a director.

Eleanor Foshay Complimented

Los Angeles public schools in general and Prof. Foshay in particular have cause to be proud of the record of Miss Eleanor A. Foshay, daughter of the former superintendent of schools, whose original research work in zoology has attracted the attention of German savants to the extent of reprinting in a special leaflet her monograph on a new species of *nectonemertes japonica*, a rare specimen of the genus pelagic. I am not on calling terms with this invertebrate, but Miss Foshay appears to have established intimate relations with the free swimming zoophyte. I respectfully doff my cap to her scientific knowledge as evidenced in this patient study of a most interesting and unbeautiful little sea animal.

"Dark Lady's" Prompt Reply

Here is a good yarn that is making its way in local theatrical circles about Florence Reed, a former leading woman at the Belasco theater, and who is now playing in New York. Miss Reed, it seems, has been much sought after by Lawrence Eyre, one of the authors of "Sweet Will Shakespeare," to take the principal role of the mysterious "dark lady" of the sonnets. Eyre playfully nicknamed Miss Reed "Dark Lady." It happens that the actress has a colored maid named Sophronia. One night last week Eyre entered the theater and knocking on Miss Reed's door asked, "How is the Dark Lady tonight?" "Oh, I'se pretty well, thank yo" came the unexpected reply, and now Sophronia is heard saying that Mr. Eyre is one of the nicest men in the world.

Noted Banker's Birthday

I. W. Hellman's seventieth birthday brought reminiscences of pioneer Los Angeles to the front this week. The veteran banker is said to regret that he ever left this city for San Francisco—a move he was prevailed upon to make about fourteen years ago, to his great material advantage. He is the financial authority of the Pacific Coast, and one of the foremost in the world, and was the founder of the Farmers & Merchants Bank in the seventies of the last century. Los Angeles had a population not to exceed 10,000 in those days, and the Hellman bank was the sole institution of the kind in the city. Mr. Hellman still is the largest stockholder in the F. & M. National, which, however, is no longer the most extensive south of San Francisco, as it was for more than twenty-five years. It is said that he is the largest single owner of realty in this county. When I. W. Hellman journeys to the great beyond, he will leave behind another of the same name who is reputed to be as great a financial genius as his father.

"Alonzo" Byron Re-Engaged

Byron Beasley, for many seasons the villain, and later the hero at the Burbank, has been engaged as leading man of the "Kindling" company with Margaret Illington. The second season of this play will open in Washington November 4. Byron still retains the "A" for Alonzo in spite of the advice of his well-wishers. Reference to the Burbank reminds me that "Peg o' My Heart," which with Laurette Taylor in the leading role made a sensational stock run record here this summer, will open the Cort Theater in New York November 15, with Miss Taylor in her original role. H. Reeves Smith is to have the masculine lead played by Forrest Stanley in the local production.

Problem for Local Brokers

With the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank having decided to do business from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., the financial interests of the city are confronted with a problem which has been threatening for more than two years. When the All Night & Day Bank was the only institution doing business on this basis, it was thought that the other organizations could well afford to ignore what was regarded as a radical innovation. But with the Citizens following suit, the question becomes acute. Several years ago the savings banks of the city were open Saturday evenings for the purpose of accommodating such patrons as were unable to deposit in regular hours. The idea cost more than it yielded and was discontinued after a fair trial. When the All Night and Day Bank first opened for business, it was suggested that it be acquired by all of the clearing house institutions in the city upon a pro rata basis. The movement was opposed, and it is claimed that had it been consummated, the present situation would have been averted. It is said to cost about forty per cent more than the current expenses for any of the city's savings banks to put into practice the hours recently instituted by the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank.

Justice—As It Is Dispensed

Scene: Police Court. Defendant, a young girl not yet twenty, of good family; arrested for speeding. The father of the culprit explains that while the charge may be true, it should be stated in extenuation that family friends who had to make a train were being rushed to the railway station. "Twenty-five dollars or twenty-five days," remarks the court. Two days later. Scene: another department of the same court. Prisoner, a well known professional prize fighter. Charge, speeding, with an explanation to the court that the accused has been up twice before; that he had been drunk each time. "We request probation," from defendant's attorney. "Granted," remarks the court, as the grinning prizefighter leaves the judicial presence. Probation had been denied the eighteen year old girl, in spite of the urgent plea of her father.

Miles to Be Kin to Nobility

Daphne Pollard, referred to in a London cable as being about to marry a member of the English nobility, is well remembered in Los Angeles where for several seasons she was the tiny star of a local company. Former Councilman Miles Gregory married a sister of Daphne and has been serenely happy ever since.

College Boys as Publicity Makers

Graduates of Stanford University seem to take kindly to the publicity and promotion end of business judging by the examples holding important positions. W. F. Holt, who for several years was advertising manager at Bullock's department store, and who recently was made sales manager, is perhaps one of the most notable successes, but of mark in San Francisco advertising circles is Ernest Smith, who is managing the campaigns for publicity that Hales, one of the largest emporiums of the northern metropolis, daily conducts. Bruce Bliven, a more recent graduate from the Palo Alto institution, is at the head of the bureau for Harris and Frank, the local clothiers, and I understand that Laurence L. Hill, son of William Hill, the capable publicity man at Hoegees, and who received his diploma only last spring, is to join the forces of the L. A. Investment Company when he returns from the east. Ernest Ingold, a University of Illinois graduate, the general supervisor of the work, having previously tried out Hill is ready to take him on. Hill is now acting as advance man for one of the Bull Moose orators. Writing of college men and the Los Angeles Investment Company reminds me that Bernard McConville, who is doing such good work on the gold

note proposition, has written several capital short stories which have been accepted by eastern magazines. He is a graduate of St. Vincent's college of this city.

Not the One Expected

It was in a motion picture show. The time was noon and the house was partially filled by the clerks and office girls who had dropped in for a part of their dinner hour. There were a few women resting, perhaps, from a too arduous morning of shopping. Everything had been placid and serene. The views of Switzerland were interesting, that picture with John Bunny in it was funny, and the one showing how cotton was made was at least educational. Suddenly the atmosphere changed. Women rose up and left the house in unmistakable perturbation. Men surged forward to occupy the usually more undesirable seats near the curtain. A group of frivolous girls stayed in the back whispering and tittering. On the curtain were the words "Eddie's Escapade." "Aren't these motion picture companies enterprising?" whispered one man to his neighbor. A hush came over the audience and then a sigh of relief—or was it disappointment?—as the reel rolled and it became evident that it wasn't to reveal the weaknesses of a city official, but altogether another Eddie.

Curtailing His Responsibilities

Henry E. Huntington, who is in New York, will have practically divested himself of all active business by the time he returns to Los Angeles in February. The head of the Los Angeles Railway Company declined this week to serve longer as a member of the board of directors of the Chicago & Alton Railway, and it is understood that he will also resign from the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific directorate at an early day. Meantime, he takes on a flyer now and then, the latest being a big interest in the Borax Smith properties located in and about Oakland. "Borax" Smith controls the Key route in Oakland, a system of traction railways which is one of the finest in the west. It is said that Mr. Huntington has put several million dollars into this venture.

Able Young Lawyer Joins Us

James W. Sheridan, who has been sent to Los Angeles as special assistant attorney general, was the government's principal counsel in the litigation that recovered for the national domain the Cunningham coal claims in Alaska. At that time Sheridan's professional future was severely impugned by supporters of Gifford Pinchot in Washington. Despite his youth and apparent lack of experience and despite the fact that opposed to him in the Cunningham litigation were several of the best lawyers in the country, he was able to win a suit that is one of the most important of the present decade. Mr. Sheridan is to become a prominent resident here.

May Test the Law

There is in circulation a report that neither the Times nor the Examiner is to obey the new law compelling newspapers to set forth the names of their owners and also forcing them to supply other data that was held to be private information. From New York a story reaches Los Angeles that James M. Beck, former assistant attorney general of the United States, has been retained to test the constitutionality of the new act. Until this action is brought, it is hinted that neither the Hearst nor the Otis-Chandler interests will pay any attention to the law.

Parting of the Ways

It is said that Meyer Lissner and Dr. John R. Haynes have reached the parting of the ways, all due to the new city charter. Lissner was more conservative regarding the new instrument than was the majority of his associates, and when it was found that there would be a conflict of opinion, it was not Lissner who was willing to step aside. There will also be opposition to the county charter as proposed, although it contains much that is good. The section eliminating fees paid to certain county officers is especially approved. In the event that provision is ratified, there will be fewer aspirants for sheriff two years hence. That office is said to be worth upward of $40,000 a year, for a four year term, which makes it one of the most desirable snaps in the public service. Under the new charter it will yield about $8000 a year.

Theory and Practice

That seemingly ever ready champion of the rights of the laboring man, even to the brinks of Socialism and anarchy, the Los Angeles Record, which is ever acclaiming the obligation of society to the man with the pick and shovel, proved its lack of sincerity in such a doctrine as a practical policy this week by discharging three of its old and trusted reporters because Mr. Scripps, the owner of the chain of papers of which the Record is one, had to find places for three contract men formerly employed on the Fresno Tribune, which went out of existence recently. The local men were called in to the office last Saturday afternoon and were told that the coming week was to be their last. Managing Editor Murdock was good enough to say there was nothing the matter with their work, that they had not violated the office rules in any way, but that they must leave to make room for the men who were wiser than they in securing a contract. The men released are all first class reporters, and will probably not be out of work long, but it is interesting to note the vast chasm between the exploited theories regarding labor and its rights and the actual working hypothesis which the Scripps papers at times employ.

Chloride of Lime Needed

Guy Eddie, who has occupied the limelight for more than a week, in a murky fashion, began his professional career in the office of Senator John D. Works several years ago. He was for a time aligned with what was the former Republican organization, and when he joined the faction now in control at the city hall, certain of his ex-political associates declared that he could be made a "goat." The feeling seems to be general that Eddie has been the victim of a plot—that he has been rather a public nuisance in need of suppression, and that those responsible for his present dilemma should be indicted for conspiracy. The columns of publicity given the story have been of a nauseating stripe and the photographing of the women relatives of the accused is in execrable taste.

Wasting Valuable Time

Chief Sebastian must curb his press agents, if he wants good results. The chief has been clamoring for additional men, and there was a disposition to accede to his request until the Examiner printed a story to the effect that the chief had detailed a squad of secret service men to arrest any incautious males found gazing at feminine ankles on the rainy days of last week. Remembering that last year, with a dashing young woman as decoy, the police trailed a number of "mashers," the story was generally believed, and public opinion was that if the chief really needs more men he should have them, but first he should give his operators better work than watching damp day dillydallying.

Object Lesson in Primary Law

Aspirants for judicial positions will attempt to have the new primary law amended so that it shall not cost a year's salary to secure a nomination. Judges Rives and Judge Houser were each forced to expend in excess of $2000 in order to get their names on the official ballot, despite their popularity and good records. As it will be necessary to make another campaign for election, the total cost may reach $5000, which is a year's salary. The legislature fixes no limit of expenditure for aspirants for public office, so far as the primary is concerned, although there is such a provision arranged for the general campaign later. The commission is regarded by friends of good government as one that should be remedied at the earliest opportunity.

Chicago Banker Needs a Rest

George M. Reynolds, head of the most important financial institution of Chicago, will come to Los Angeles or Pasadena as soon as he is able to travel. He was here last winter and greatly enjoyed the visit. Soon after his return home, Mr. Reynolds' health began to fail, and at a recent trial he fainted while on the witness stand. The rumor that he will resign as president of his bank in Chicago is vigorously denied.

Oil Stock Lesson for Union

California Petroleum, capital $38,000,000, the second Los Angeles flotation to make its appearance on the New York Stock Exchange, is performing wonders in Wall street, and the Doheny-Canfield interests again have proved that they understand the game which Thomas W. Lawson insists is responsible for the high cost of living. There is general inquiry as to what will become of those who backed the American and Petroleum Company and the American Oilfields Company when these corporations first were promoted a few years ago. For a time both companies paid large dividends which were suspended when it was found necessary to divert funds for development on the two properties. A similar step was taken in the matter of Mexican Petroleum common, the latter having at the time paid out only a single quarterly disbursement on a four per cent basis. Of course, all three issues slumped at once, Mexican sliding to below 20, and the American Dohenys each losing pretty close to eighty per cent of market value before they reached bottom. That was less than two years ago. This week Mexican common has sold as high as 90. The recovery in the Doheny Americans has not been nearly so pronounced as yet, although dividends on American Petroleum have been resumed. The two companies have been taken over by interests which have been responsible for the boom in Mexican Petroleum. While Los Angeles did not know there had been application to list the stock of California Petroleum in Wall street, E. L. Doheny will not permit his friends to be sacrificed. It is claimed that those who first went into his California oil enterprises did so on his word, and it is confidently declared that the promoters will not permit his local following to suffer. Meanwhile, California Petroleum again has emphasized to the banking and investment world in New York that Los Angeles is on the map and also has demonstrated again that Union Oil stocks and bonds will not amount to a great deal in a market way until it is listed on the New York stock exchange. Los Angeles is interested in these enterprises to the extent of about $100,000,000.

After Twenty Years

Dr. William V. Coffin's retirement from the position of assistant superintendent of the Whittier State School was a surprise to many. Dr. Coffin is about all that is left of the Lindley regime in the school, and as he probably was not in sympathy with the new conditions, he decided to step out. The Coffin influence in the school has been felt for about twenty years, the doctor having been attending physician of the school all that time.

Begged the Question

When Lt.-Gov. A. J. Wallace informed the Southern California Methodist Conference in Long Beach last week that after an examination of the evidence he was unable to find any proof that Murderer Figueroa had ever attempted to sell his wife into a life of prostitution, he was begging the question. It was repeatedly stated at the trial and never successfully denied that on the night of the murder Figueroa brought a stranger to his home and because his wife refused to submit to the latter, her husband killed her. It was this phase of the situation that really induced the jury to recommend the death penalty. Wallace resorted to a petty trick to help his dubious cause.

Wilson Foster's Unique Project

Unique and unusual is the project which is being planned and executed in local realty circles by Wilson Foster, formerly an Alaskan miner, who prefers to drop the flamboyant title of Klondike King to become a real estate regent. Not satisfied with his exploitation of Klondike Park, a tract on the Glendale car line ten minutes from the center of the city in which he evolved a scheme for leasing the land for ninety-nine years to customers for a small sum, he has given over his energies to the development of Paradise Park, a plot of ground between Glendale and Pasadena, where he intends to build up a small thriving city. His methods are unlike the ordinary course of procedure. He plans to place a bond issue on the market from the sale of which he will survey the land, build boulevards, electric light plants, water systems, electric railways, fire protection and artificial lakes for boating, fishing and bathing. His scheme contemplates projects devoted to philanthropy and public welfare. He expects to build a home for aged, unmarried ministers, while those with families may have a homesite free of charge, a home for mothers, and to set aside five acres as a picnic ground for the Federation of States and Provincial Associations of Southern California on condition that they build a fine club house. He will lease the home sites on a ninety-nine year basis and with the revenue from this will pay interest on the bonds and utilize the remainder in making more improvements. The scheme sounds almost Utopian and a trifle theoretical, but Mr. Foster is backed by sound institutions in the city, so I take it that they have well investigated its practicability before entering into and lending their financial support to the affair.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes
Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings
Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements
Steckel
AWARDED EIGHTEEN MEDALS
Studio and Art Gallery, 336½ S. Bdwy.
Special Exhibition of Oils Now on View

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Los Angeles has a penchant for features that are unlike what other cities offer. Whether it is a water supply or a music supply there is "something different." The Gamut Club has a fame that extends to Europe, carried thither by artists who have been the guests of the club. The Music Teachers' Association is making a reputation for fathering and mothering propositions for the betterment of its members' financial condition and the improvement of the musical ideals of the public. And the Dominant Club has established a reputation, not only for being a musicians' club without discord but for being a club of women musicians that pursues its even course with harmonies composed of thirds, sixths and octaves—no, no discords there. This club has a large membership and draws the lines closely as to membership and occupation. One must be a professional musician of the "fare secks." Guards are stationed outside the meeting place that no mere male may absorb a tone of the music therein rendered. It is only a Hoffman or a Kubelik or an Edson that may occasionally enjoy the ripples of tone and bask in the atmosphere of harmony that envelopes the Dominant meetings.

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Yet the doings of the Dominant Club will leak out. For instance, at its meeting last Saturday afternoon, it entertained that brilliant young soprano, Kathleen Lockhart, who recently returned from several years abroad, studying with DeReszke in Paris, and other teachers. And Miss Lockhart is alleged to have entertained the club still more by singing arias from Leoncavallo and Puccini operas, with Miss O'Donoughue at the piano. And there were others. Claire MacGregor played a Brahms rhapsody, and a Liszt tarantelle; Winifred Ballard played a Handel piano sonata and a Bach air; Mrs. Minnie Hance sang an aria from "Huguenots" with Mrs. Ross at the piano, and also a song by the latter. Altogether, the program was of unusual attractiveness and well repaid the 135 attendants. One day this club will rise to a sense of its unappreciated opportunities and adopt the plan of having occasional "Gentlemen's Nights," as the Gamut Club has of "Ladies' Nights." The Gamut Club was driven to this means of defense by the wives at home, who objected to the husband members having all the fun alone—and occasionally with visiting women artists as guests!

* * *

Another affair which presented music, but not so much of it, was the meeting of the Music Teachers' Association at the Gamut Club Friday night. Besides attending to the business of the association, the members present heard Mrs. F. S. Gutterson play a group of piano numbers, the Beethoven sonata op. 2, four Chopin etudes and a composition of her own, Also, Miss Virginia Goodsell in Haydn's "With Verdure Clad" from the "Creation" and two German songs. Miss Goodsell is a recent comer from San Francisco and has a clear, firm, voice, well suited in oratorio.

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It is a custom of long standing at the Gamut Club that visiting artists who enjoy the hospitality of that body and such music as its members offer at its meetings and dinners should reciprocate in kind—in musical kind, at least. Generally, the artist guests proffer their services toward the general entertainment and festivities. To make a list of the great artists who have thus shown their generous good fellowship, would be to make a catalogue of nearly all the musical luminaries that have visited the Pacific coast in the last eight years. It is doubted if any organization on the planet has been so favored by artist guests—men and women who have proved themselves "jolly good fellows" as well as leaders in their art. Most of the visitors drop into the free-for-all, give-and-take atmosphere of the club in a few minutes and are glad to give the best of their art for such an appreciative audience. Who of the club will forget Hartmann's volunteered impersonations of a number of the leading violinists of Europe, with their mannerisms of playing brought out to the life; or Gadski's rising from her ceat at the table and singing the Walkyrie's cry sans accompaniment; or Paderewski's and Mme. Modjeska's exchange of compliments; or William Shakespeare's reminiscences of the musical celebrities of Europe forty years ago; or Mary Garden's delivery of a holy kiss on the brow of a grey-haired literary veteran of the club. And these are just a few of the incidents one may recall of these club meetings.

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But there are other guests who leave their art to be suspected by the club. At the dinner of last week, the program was furnished by its members. Edwin House sang Bemberg's "Hindoo Song" and Gounod's "Vulcan's Song"; Peschcke Koedt played Wieniawski's "Legend"; Dufferin Rutherford sang arias from "Manon" (Massenet) and Carissima's "Vittoria"; and Homer Grunn played one of his own waltzes and a Grieg nocturne. Among the guests were Juan de la Cruz, bass, and his wife, Vera Doria, soprano. L. E. Behymer, vice president of the club, presided and proved himself an excellent toastmaster and raconteur. A wireless message was received from the president, F. W. Blanchard, on steamer en route to New York. Mr. Behymer, later, was called upon to tell of his extended European trip an dhe gave a few minutes to reminiscences of meeting a number of the Gamut Club honorary members abroad.

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Directors of the Gamut Club have in consideration two or three extra meetings of the club in which to entertain Mme. Gadski, Riccardo Martin and Rudolf Ganz and the principals of the new Lambardi opera company, which is to be heard at the Auditorium under Mr. Behymer's management for two or three weeks in November and December. With the unusually large number of artists Mr. Behymer is bringing to Los Angeles this season, there is a series of interesting dinners in sight for the Gay-Mutts, in which the mental menus will outshine the material ones—as usual.

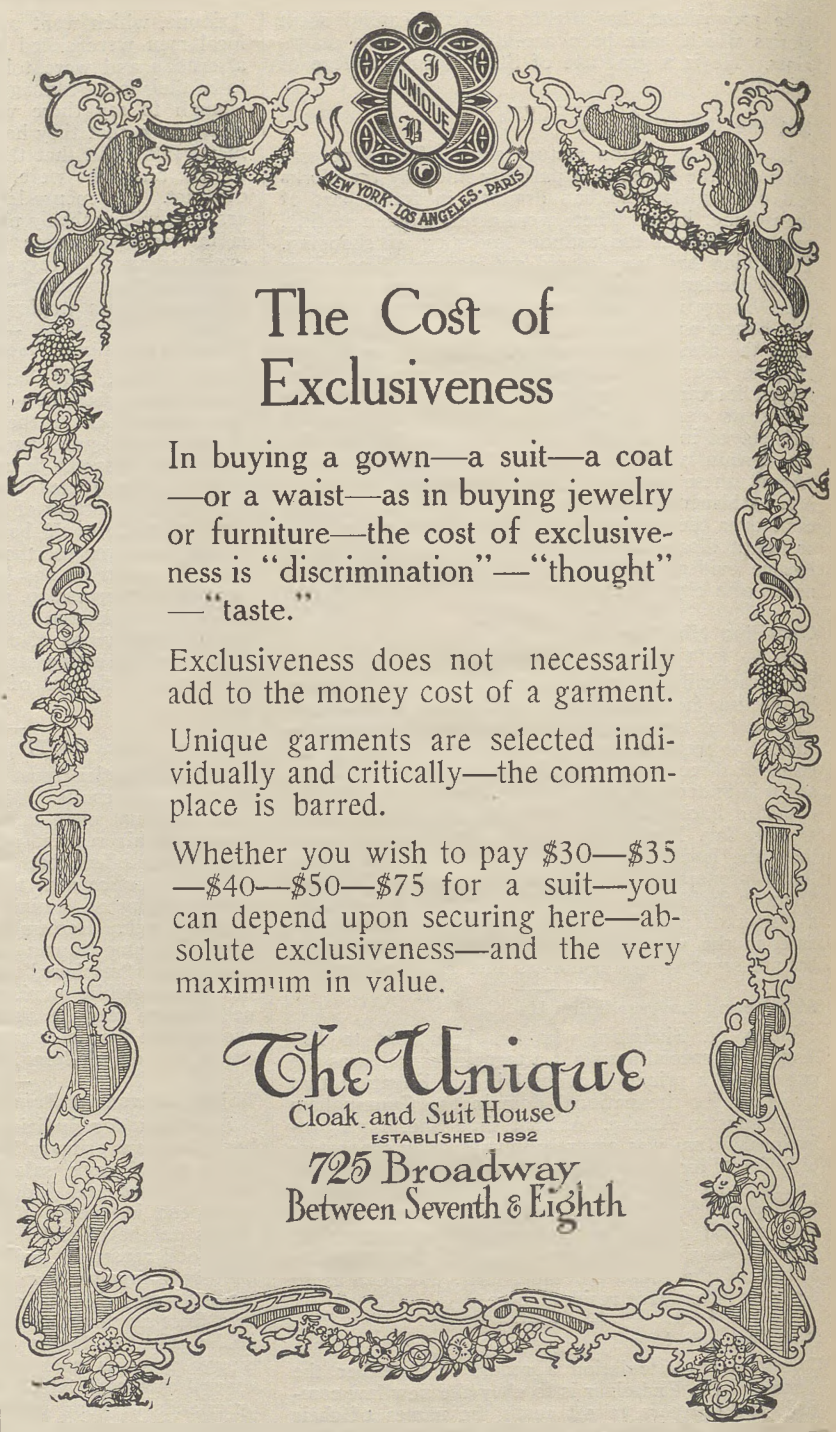
Coming Behymer Attractions

Madame Johanna Gadski requires no "booming" among Los Angeles music lovers. She came to us almost unknown, at the old Los Angeles theater, with the Melba Opera Company, and at that time Los Angelans took her to their hearts. Shortly after she returned in concert with David Bispham and Walter Damrosch, and as she climbed up the ladder of fame she came again as a member of the famous Grau Company, and in many other positions. She has been the star feature of seasons in Berlin. Vienna, Munich, Bayreuth and with the famous Mozart Festivals in Salzburg. Manager Behymer has received word from her that this time she is to give us an exceptional program when she appears at the Auditorium Tuesday evening, as the first event in the Great Philharmonic Course and also at a special matinee Saturday afternoon, Oct. 19. The numbers are as follows:

Wehe so Willst du, Nachtigall (Brahms); In dem Schatten meiner Locken, Das Verlassene Magdlein (Wolf); Meinem Kinde; Ruhe, meine Seele; Das Gehemnis (Strauss); piano solo, Romance (Sibelius), Mr. Edwin Schneider. Operatic selections; Arias—Elsa's Traume from "Lohengrin;" Elsa's Song to the Breezes; Brunnhilde's Farewell to Siegfried, from "Gotterdammerung" (Wagner); piano solo, Rain in the Garden (Debussy), Mr. Edwin Schneider; June (Morse-Rummel); Sleep, Then, ah, Sleep (Branscombe); Love and Springtime (Metcalf); The Cave, In the Tree Top High (Schneider); The Lamp of Love (Turner-Salter).

Los Angeles Symphony Association announces an exceptionally well balanced series of programs for the coming season and an array of soloists calculated to please both vocal and instrumental devotees. The many requests for one or more of our local artists who have won fame abroad and in the east have resulted in two engagements—Harry Clifford Lott, baritone soloist, and Blanche Ruby, lyric soprano. Of those who have become great favorites through previous engagements, there will return Josef Lhevinne, the well known Russian pianist, and Mme. Gerville-Reache, the contralto, who is the successor of Madame Schumann-Heink with the Metropolitan. In addition to these Madame Hortense Paulsen of London, dramatic soprano, and Juan de la Cruz, basso baritone, who for ten years has been with Covent Garden and grand opera in Berlin and at Copenhagen, have been engaged. Director Hamilton has planned an excellent series. The seat sale will open Monday, Oct. 21.

Impresario Behymer will offer a season of grand opera, the week beginning Monday evening, Oct. 28, when the Lambardi organization, the Pacific Coast Grand Opera Company, will open its engagement. The first offering will be an all-star production of Puccini's ever-popular "La Boheme," which is to be given a brilliant setting. The repertoire will also include "La Tosca," "Mme. Butterfly," "Carmen," "Fedora," and "Amico Fritz." "Conchita" may be said to be a real operatic sensation. It was but recently produced abroad, where the critics unanimously agreed that Zandonai's opera took place in the first ranks. It is termed a real symphonic opera. It is in four acts adapted from "La Femme et le Pantin," by Pierre Louys. It requires an orchestra of sixty players. Another sensation will be the production of Strauss' "Salome." Madame Tarquina, the noted lyric soprano, is to interpret the leading feminine roles in both the new offerings, and may also be heard in "Carmen."



By Everett C. Maxwell

I am in receipt of a letter from a prominent local club woman in which the question is bluntly asked, "Should a critic criticize?" My correspondent sets forth in a comprehensive and altogether businesslike manner the present faults and the future needs of journalistic review in art and dramatic matters in Los Angeles, deploring the fact that in a city where so much publicity is given to the branches of higher art "not one critic ever writes a real criticism." Upon first reading I was inclined to think that this well-meaning individual was wrong, but a careful survey serves to temper a final decision with deep respect for the letter writer's sound judgment and logical counsel.

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Upon one occasion, more than a year ago, I printed in this department a lengthy article upon the pungent theme, "Should the critic lie?" and if interested readers will turn to their files of The Graphic they will find that it was the original intention of at least one reviewer to lead the seeker after art knowledge in well guarded paths in the local field. If we have not at all times been true to our purpose, at least we feel that no good work of art has escaped our notice and if we have chosen to overlook certain bad ones no apologies are due the public at this time. We admit that the present standard for critical review is not all that it should be, but neither is certain of the work that we are called upon to consider. It would be tiresome to repeat from week to week the fact that at least half of the pictures shown in Los Angeles were frankly bad if judged by a national standard. The critic grows lenient as he progresses with his work. He sees each month more clearly the shortcomings of his artists and the utter inappreciation of the public and out of the goodness of his heart he says encouraging things about the efforts of the former and at the same time tries to convince the latter that they are blind to the merits of American painters who are as good as any that can be found. Personally, we believe in native western art, but we are sane enough to know that it is far from perfect and little good it will do to surround it with false appreciation or inflated values. Truth and common sense are rare mediums in this day of pyrotechnic journalism and we are inclined to agree with the fair unknown.

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It always gives the art reviewer a new vigor and a fresh inspiration to consider critically a group of canvases by William Wendt. One is seldom disappointed in this artist's work and while the virility and solidity of his general treatment at times dwarfs the sentiment of his subject, we are the last to decry such a failing. Mr. Wendt passed a busy summer sketching in the vicinity of San Dimas and since his return to Los Angeles he has completed several important canvases which we will note briefly at this time. "San Dimas" is the title given to a colorful study of broken valleys and rugged hills. The canvas is notable for its skillful gradations of color, from the rich, golden browns and bronze greens in the foreground to the tender tonalities of the shadows on the far-distant hills. "Brook at San Dimas" seems to lack the intimacy that endears such a subject to the nature-lover, but the shallow stream and the screen of golden foliage are well rendered. "Hillside Oaks" is a San Dimas study the chief charm of which lies in the glimpses of far-distant uplands and cloud hung hills, seen beyond a group of huge oak trees. "Old Baldy from San Dimas" is painted in a retrospective mood while "Rain Clouds" and "The Hill Path" sing with the joy of life and nature.

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In addition to the San Dimas group Mr. Wendt has just completed several new Cornwall studies and two excellent marines. "In Cornwall" is a delightful scene in rural England. It is fresh, crisp, and full of light and air. "Golden Shore" is the gem of the entire collection and while painted from a Cornwall sketch it partakes so strongly of California color and feeling that we find it hard to give England the credit of inspiring such a masterful and forceful, yet tender and sympathetic, work. "Golden Hour" is a sunset marine of great merit. The sand dunes in the foreground are of chief interest, yet the evening sky, mellow with saffron hues, is wonderfully true and alluring.

* * *

Maynard Dixon, the ever popular and thoroughly trained Indian and desert painter, has recently been in Los Angeles putting the finishing touches to a set of cartoons for a four panel frieze of desert Indian life, which, when completed, will adorn the home of a well known patron of the arts now building near Santa Anita. Two of these panels will measure 4 x 20 feet in dimension, while two will be 4 x 12 feet. The work will be done in oil color on canvas and will undoubtedly be the most comprehensive mural decoration of western life ever executed in the Southwest. The subjects for these panels are "Return from a Successful Foray," "The Bird of Good Omen," "Indians Bathing at Hot Spring," and "The Truce." The first depicts a procession of warriors in full regalia bringing captives into camp. The second shows the "bird of good omen" alighting upon a huge bowlder which rests in a vast expanse of desert. Two mounted Indians are seen at the ex treme right. "Indians Bathing at Hot Spring" depicts a group of women and children all or partly nude, grouped about a hot spring in the rocks. "The Truce" is on the whole the most successful of the lot and depicts two war parties meeting on the brow of a low butte. Mr. Dixon knows his subjects. He is in sympathy with the big, untrammeled desert and he paints its moods and its native children alike with feeling and knowledge. All of these panels are poetic in quality, colorful yet vastly low in tone, boldly decorative but entirely free from poster effects or conventionalization. These cartoons are now in the office of Arthur G. Benton and when completed they may be shown publicly.

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Leta Horlocker returned Monday from an extended visit in New York.

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John H. Sharp is back from a prolonged sketching trip in the desert.

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C. Harry Allis is home from Catalina where he passed the summer sketching.

* * *

Marguerite Thompson, a post-impressionist painter, recently returned from Paris and will hold an exhibition of twenty oils and nineteen etchings at the Royar Gallery beginning October 12.

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Social & Personal

Colonel and Mrs. William May Garland will celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of their marriage Saturday with a house party at their country place, The Crags. Those who have been asked to enjoy the week-end are Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Rae Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran and Mr. Richard Schweppe. Mrs. Garland and Mrs. Rogers are planning to leave the latter part of this month for a trip on the Atlantic coast, where they will be joined later by Mr. Garland and Mr. Rogers.

At a daintily appointed luncheon given Thursday afternoon, Miss Fanny Todd Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of 1153 West Twenty-seventh street, announced her betrothal to Mr. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, and also that of her chum, Miss Pauline Friedrich of San Diego to her brother, Mr. Clarence E. Carpenter. Dresden effects marked the appointments of the luncheon, the centerpiece being a golden basket brimming with forget-me-nots and Cecil Brunner roses, and place cards were little sachets hand-painted in the same effect. Little flower pots containing pink and blue posies held tiny birds bearing the announcement cards in their beaks.

Miss Elizabeth Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks of West Adams street, whose marriage to Lieut. Robert Frank Gross will take place October 30, is to be the honored guest of several exclusive affairs tendered her by prominent society folk. One of the prettiest will be the dinner dance with which Col. and Mrs. William May Garland of West Adams street will entertain Wednesday, and another will be the theater party with which Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell and Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner will compliment her.

Miss Elizabeth Riordan, daughter of Mrs. D. M. Riordan, has elected to be married in San Francisco, and with her mother and her brother-in-law and sister, Captain and Mrs. F. W. Palmer, has left for the Bay city, where she will meet Lieutenant William C. Whitener—their marriage to take place Oct. 17. The ceremony will be marked by great simplicity and Lieutenant Whitener and his bride will enjoy a brief trip through the north before coming down to Los Angeles for a visit with Mrs. Riordan, who is planning a reception in their honor. The young couple will reside at Fort George Wright, where Lieut. Whitener is stationed.

Mrs. Grover T. Garland entertained Monday with an informal luncheon in compliment to four of the season's bride-elects, Miss Marie Bobrick, Miss Olive Trask, Miss Barbara Burkhalter and Miss Clarisse Stevens. A centerpiece of ferns and yellow blossoms decorated the table, where covers were laid for Mrs. Clarence Bricker, Mrs. Roy Bayly, Miss Virginia Nourse, Miss Mary Richardson, Miss Katherine Banning, in addition to the hostess and guests of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Garland have just opened their new home at 421 Manhattan place.

At a ceremony witnessed only by immediate relatives, Miss Edna Bennett daughter of Mr. Charles A. Bennett of San Francisco, became the bride of Mr. Vernon Smith, the ceremony being conducted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Johnson at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Thursday afternoon at 3:30. White blossoms and potted palms were used in decorating the church, and pink roses and maidenhair ferns were used at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Theodore A. Eisen, 2626 South Figueroa, with whom she has been residing. The bride wore a white broadcloth suit and a white hat with a bird of paradise aigrette, and carried white roses. Her only attendant, Miss Lucy Saunders, wore pink silk draped with gray chiffon, and carried gray chiffon, and Mr Glen Smith attended his brother as best man. The young couple are enjoying an extended wedding trip, after which they will be at home in their new house in Manhattan place.

Mrs. Gregory Perkins, Jr., of St. Paul avenue, will entertain this afternoon with a theater party at the Mason, followed by tea at her home, in compliment to Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, who recently returned from a summer abroad. Those who have accepted invitations are Mrs. J. Clifford Page, Mrs. Scott Helm, Mrs. Lynn Hellm, Mrs. J. H. Bohon, Mrs. Hmilton Rowman Rollins, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. W. K. Thompson, Mrs. West Hughes and Mrs. J. W. McKinley.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Vallely of South Flower street have returned from a three months' trip abroad.

Miss Marjorie Hibbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Hibbs of Mallard street, became the bride of Mr. James Lane Crandall Wednesday evening at the family home. The Rev. Alfred R. Taylor, uncle of the bride, read the ceremony, which took place at an altar of ferns and foliage erected in the living room. A color scheme of pink and green was beautifully carried out with Cecil Brunner roses and ferns, combined with pink tulle bows. The bride was attired in white chiffon taffeta, trimmed with duchesse lace, and her veil of tulle was fastened like a cap with a string of pearls. She carried an arm shower of bride roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Bernardine Williams, her attendant, was in white embroidered crepe de chine, and wore a pink aigrette in her hair. An arm bouquet of Cecile Brunner roses and maidenhair ferns was carried. Mr. Carl Crandall served the groom as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held, Mr. and Mrs. Crandall leaving afterward for a honeymoon at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Fifth and Norton avenue entertained Monday evening with a theater party at the Mason, followed by supper at the Alexandria. Their guests were Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Erskine Pembroke Thom and Mrs. William Austin Strong will give a tea at Mrs. Strong's home on Magnolia avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns, who have been at their summer home, "Mira de Olas," at Playa del Rey, are again established at 3538 Wilshire boulevard.

Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey of Elden avenue and her daughters, Mrs. Paul Burks and Miss Bumiller, will give the second of their pretty teas Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter V. Pomeroy of 942 Menlo avenue have as house guest Miss Maybelle Powers of Montana.

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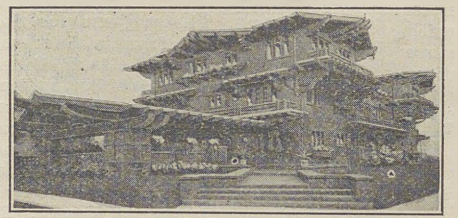

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

04033 Not coal lands.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 7, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on October 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11470, Serial, No. 04033, for N½NW¼, Sec. 27, W½SW¼, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Schumacher, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; Edward Mellus, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Corral Canon, Cal.; Edward Wickersham, of Los Angeles, Cal.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

06304 Not Coal Lands.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. Sept. 11, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frank Slert, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on May 25, 1909, made Homestead Entry No. 06304, for E½NW¼, SW¼NE¼, NE¼SW¼, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Albert W. Marsh, of Los Angeles; Charles O. Montague, Ira R. Sheckles, Frank Gee, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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The GRAPHIC

MISS CARRIE McLEAN

Dearest Marie: I have been trying for days to find time to write to you, but "things have been doing" to such an extent that it has been simply impossible. In the first place, there have been, and are to be, more weddings than you can guess. All the girls seem to have decided to be married this fall, and you know what a round of gaiety that means, just a whirl. Grandfather said the other day at dinner, that both conversation and letter writing are among the lost arts. I have discovered myself why letter writing has gone out of fashion, as an art. We simply have not the leisure. I realize that, every time I write to you. I have so much to say, and, my dear, you know how many interruptions one always has; no wonder our letters are not models of style and diction.

Our grandmothers did not have a telephone ringing every minute, and in California, we have so few rainy days. All the travelers are coming back in a hurry, so they will not miss anything. The Avery McCarthys are in town for the winter. Aileen is to come out, you know, and I am sure she will have a very gay time. When she was graduated last spring, both Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy went east to Washington, and then all three had such a delightful trip journeying through the eastern country. They were at their Redondo home only part of the summer, but Aileen went to Honolulu or rather all over the Islands, with Mrs. Senni, whose father, Colonel Spaulding, has a fine plantation over there, and they had an ideal time, seeing everything and everybody worth knowing. I have not seen Aileen since she came home. I was so sorry I had a previous engagement Sunday afternoon, when they were at home for tea, and Mrs. Senni and Aileen told of their adventures. I hear they even peeked into the red-hot crater of that volcano—I never can remember the name of it—and, O, well, I try not to be envious, but I should have enjoyed that trip I know. Aileen is having a fine time now, but her real fun will begin with that stately function, which is given when "the daughter of the house comes out."

Speaking of trips, the Rowleys are at home, after a six months' tour of the continent, England, Ireland and Scotland. I wonder that Mrs. Rowley could stay away from tiny Kate Ridgeway, her namesake, as well as her granddaughter, but they are both glad that she is at home again. I wonder which is the happier, Kate or her grandmother?

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Koepfli and Hortense are at the Hershey Arms after a visit to the other side of the continent, and I suppose Hortense will be one of the debutantes this winter. Katherine Johnson is to come out too, you know. Last year she went round the world instead. She will have a lot of attention, for she is most charming, and her cousins, the Wood girls, are among the most popular as well as the prettiest girls in town.

I told you that Mrs. Dan McFarland and Sally are back from abroad, where they had a delightful time, and Sallie has been as much entertained as the brides-to-be. By the way, she is to be maid of honor at Elizabeth Hicks' wedding. You know, she is to marry Mr. Robert Frank Grosse, U. S. N. Another girl for the navy! But it won't be such a big wedding as Juliet Borden's last week. That was one of the prettiest ones we have ever seen in Los Angeles.

Katherine and Marjorie Ramsey gave a theater party at the Mason Monday evening for Sally McFarland, and Marjorie Utley was there. Her engagament to Erwin Widney was announced weeks ago and they are to be married November 12. There was a supper at the Alexandria afterward and you should have seen the grill room after the play. I think everybody we knew was there. Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy had a party and Stanley Visel was entertaining the bridal party of the Morlan-Visel wedding, which is to be next Tuesday at the First Methodist Church and will be a grand affair. Rae Belle has had so many entertainments, as all her friends have been anxious to show her attention, but things have crowded into the last two weeks because her cousins, the McLean girls from Honolulu, have just come for the wedding and, you see, everything was put off for them. You remember they were here for a visit last year and how popular they were. Everybody is glad to welcome them back and I hope they will stay after the wedding, for the other festivities. Miss Carrie is to be maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Helen McLean, Elizabeth Helm, Eloise Watson and Ruth Visel, while the ushers will include Jack and Nelson Visel, Harry Hunter, Clyde Whitney, Arthur Eckman and Howard Janeway. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Morlan were at the supper and so was Mrs. McLean, for the McLeans are houseguests of the Morlans. There were a lot more supper parties, but if I should stop to tell you about them I would never get this letter off.

Tuesday, Alice Fleming gave a luncheon for Edna Bennet, Rae Belle, and Carrie Post, who will marry Gartel Harbison next Tuesday. Edna was married to Vernon Smith Wednesday. You know she has been living with her aunt, Mrs. Theodore Eisen, for a year or two and has made hosts of friends and I told you how pretty she looked at the society vaudeville last winter. Ever since her engagement was announced her friends have vied in showering attentions upon her, and it has been greatly regretted that she decided upon such a quiet wedding. They were married at the Pro-Cathedral at half past three, Bishop Johnson officiating. Lucy Saunders was maid of honor and Glen Smith best man. Edna's father came down from San Francisco to give her away. They will

MISS HELEN McLEAN

[Photo by Hemenway

MRS. ELOISE WATSON

live in the dearest house which Vernon has built in Manhattan place.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. Helen Steckel gave a luncheon at the Jonathan Club with a matinee party at the Burbank afterward for Rae Belle, and Friday Kathleen Spring entertained with a luncheon for her at their lovely new home at Beverly Hills and this afternoon Eloise Watson is giving a theater party for Rae Belle at the Orpheum and tea at the Alexandria afterward, when the men are to join the party. Isn't that a good idea? Monday night Rae Belle has a supper party at the Morlan home after the rehearsal at the church and Tuesday is the wedding so of course, Rae Belle ought to have time to rest and look at the presents. I wonder if she has had a minute to open the parcels. I think that is such fun.

When I was bridesmaid for Victoria I stayed there for a week you know, and she and Will wouldn't let anyone open a single package. They had such a lot, and just think of all the notes! Mother says she prefers the good old times when she was a girl. After the cards were issued, the bride was not seen outside the family; I think it was considered the thing not to go anywhere but to church and, my dear, a girl would no more wear one of her trousseau gowns before the wedding than the wedding dress; it simply was not done. What a stupid time she must have had, that old-time bride-elect! I think it is much more sensible nowadays, for a girl has a chance to wear all her fascinating new frocks and hats and to look more charming than ever before in her life.

It is quite the fashion this winter to forego the big house reception and have only the family and most intimate friends after the church services. We younger ones are usually invited to the house, so we all like the custom, for it is so much more informal and delightful than the crush, where you never see the people you want to talk to or be with, and everybody wants to get to the supper room at the same time; so Rae Belle is following out the sensible fashion and we will have a good time, I am sure.

Marguerite Drake has a luncheon at the Hotel Virginia next Tuesday, and there are a lot of other things, which I have not time to mention. By the way, have you seen anything of Mrs. Thomas and Katherine Mellus? They are lingering in the east, and I hear Katherine has been playing golf at the Essex Country Club and that she just missed out at the semi-finals. Annis Van Nuys has gone abroad again with Miss Rose Garland who is the sister of A. W. Garland, and Dame Rumor, as usual, is wondering if her sudden trip has not a special object. However, time or a kind friend alone will tell, for Annis says she just "loves Paris." I have not said a word about all the weddings the last of October, but my letter is so long and I am due at tea this very minute, so I must run away. Do write, and tell me all you are doing and I will write again, soon.

Yours, as ever, ELIZABETH.

Theaters

By Caroline Reynolds

There is a sweet simplicity about "The Money Moon," J. Hartley Manner's adaptation of Jeffrey Farnol's novel, which the Belasco company is presenting this week. It is not a play to be considered dramatically—it is an idyll that breathes the fragrance of primroses and hawthorne hedges; of springtime love and pretty fancies. There is too much of it—too long and a second hero is a wee little chap who tugs at the heartstrings with no uncertain pull. Probably the play will not "go" in New York; for it has none of that quality described as "punch." There are no grafters or badgers or political schemings, or sex problems; one knows from the first curtain just what is to happen; and it happens so placidly, so prettily, that it is almost like a pleasant dream. But

HOLBROOK BLINN, WHO COMES TO THE MAJESTIC OCT 13

speeches for extraneous characters in whom the audience is not interested: but the impression of the whole is like an April day—gentle tears, gentle laughter; a sense of cleanliness and refreshment. There is much the same charm that permeated the atmosphere of "Pomander Walk," although it contains a more vital interest than that play. There are no dramatic situations; only a slightly villainous villain; the hero is a beloved vagabond, the heroine a lovely English maiden, after there is less of Aunt Priscilla and the Sergeant—two elderly lovers, and a little less of the auction scene; a little more of the heroine and hero; it should be recognized as entertainment decidedly worth while. It is the story of George Bellew, a young American, who in seeking to recover from a broken heart (sic) finds himself under an English hedge, being interviewed by a small boy who tells him that he is on his way to Africa to find a fortune for Aunt Anthea, who is about to be "sold up" for debts. Bellew and the little chap strike up a friendship which results in Bellew's going to Dapplemere, Aunt Anthea's home, to become a boarder. It is the same old story—Bellew saves Anthea from the clutches of a money shark, and finds that her loveliness has cured and captured his broken heart; and he promises the small boy that he will never go away again. One might almost say the Belasco principals play with tenderness—that is, so far as the real principals are concerned. Little Gertrude Short as little Porges is the real star of the production, and her work is nothing less than marvelous. In fact, she makes the play possible. Next, is Orrin Johnson's drawing of George Bellew, to which he lends the radiance of his mellow voice and charming personality. It is a distinctive role, and in Mr. Johnson's hands it is a distinguished one. Marguerite Leslie is a beautiful Anthea, ideally suited to the requirements of the part. Thomas MacLarnie as old Adam does a triumph of character work, as does Howard Scott as the old servant, and there are many minor roles of merit. The scenic environment is the best that the Belasco has offered for many a day.

Good Farce at the Mason

Good farces are as rare as truthful women; and when one does occur it should be greeted with the sounding of cymbals. "Officer 666" at the Mason Opera House this week is one of those rarities, and it is good for a laugh a minute. Not only is it funny, but it is well presented; its pretty girls are pretty and its attractive men do not look like tailor's models; therefore, the onlooker watches the progress of the tangled situations with a comfortable sense of well being. The one scene; showing a gallery in the Gladwin mansion, is of unusual worth. The details are harmoniously carried out; and the pictures which line the wall seem to be real creations—not the hideous travesties usually foisted on long suffering audiences. The battle of success is half won for the farce when the room is disclosed, for it makes the proper atmosphere at once. The plot has great possibilities. Travers Gladwin, a young millionaire, returns secretly from abroad, to investigate his trustee. On reaching his home he finds that an impostor is impersonating him, and is planning to run away with his finest treasures as well as elope with

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a charming young woman in the throes of hero worship. Gladwin discovers that the girl is his ideal, and to save her he assumes the disguise of a policeman, helps to rob his own house, finally assists the gamy crook to escape and wins the girl—all in a few hours. The fun is fast and furious, and several of the situations are new. Clarence Oliver is a delightful Travers Gladwin, playing with a boyish exuberance that is refreshing. The droll Whitney Barnes of Edmund Pollack might be termed a "scream," and the Jap boy of John Arthur is a good bit. A picture of great charm is that drawn by Ione Bright, who plays the part of the girl. One can quite understand Mr. Gladwin's plunge in love at first sight; for Miss Bright's pretty girlishness and naturalness overcome the playwright's rather careless handling of the role. There are several other parts of merit—in fact, the whole thing is highly enjoyable.

"Heart Breakers" at the Majestic

George Damerel won his way into the heart of Los Angeles as the dashing Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," and while he has a far different vehicle in "The Heart Breakers," which is at the Majestic this week, his suave presence, graceful dancing and pleasing voice overshadow the flaws of the concoction. "The Heart Breakers" is reminiscent throughout. There are several clever lines, but the music, while pleasant in a tinkling fashion, is not distinguished save by Mr. Damerel's singing, and the unoriginal situations would scarcely be worthy of note except for his personality and the clever comedy work of Edward Hume. Damerel has put on flesh since he last waltzed his way to popularity here, and he also has a tendency to theatrical trickery which he does not need. More exercise to keep down his waist line and less flourishing gusto in the delivery of his lines might well be recommended. But he plays with a delightful ease, he dances fascinatingly and his singing of a sweetly sentimental ballad, "Your Eyes, Your Smile and You" alone would win him plaudits. Mr. Hume is a comedian of unusual excellence, and provides most of the laughs. Myrtle Vail, who plays The Girl, is a winsome ingenue, although neither her voice nor her dancing is remarkable. The remainder of the company is acceptable if not noteworthy. The scenery looks as though it might have been wrecked en route.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Newcomers to the Orpheum this week shine only with reflected luster, so that the bill in its entirety is rather dull. Jessie Lasky offers a miniature musical comedy, "The Antique Girl" which has neither music, patter nor plot to distinguish it, and as it is badly played all around, it becomes even more than a bore. Minnie Allen was robbed of an opportunity to prove her ability by the fact that a missing trunk made it impossible for her to do her costume turns the first part of the week, but her brief appearance was sweet and pleasing. Herbert Ashley has been here before in his "Night in Chinatown," and when the first glamor of novelty wears off in an act like his, it is dispiriting, even though he has one or two new parodies. Bertish, the athlete, is a man of splendid physique which he exhibits in postures and feats. Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn—mostly the latter—are great favorites, although Mr. Gould's jokes are on the point of expiring. William Thompson's fine work is a joy even for a second week, and other holdovers are the dogs and ponies and The Takiness.

Offerings for Next Week

One of the most interesting offerings of the new season comes to the Majestic Theater Sunday night, when Paul Armstrong will present Holbrook Blinn in his latest and most successful play, "A Romance of the Underworld." The story of the play is accurately suggested in the title. By an attempt to railroad an innocent man into prison, people of culture and refinement are thrown into contact with the underworld in police courts, prison, etc. Mr. Blinn, the star of the play, is recognized as one of the best actors on the American stage. The cast provided by Mr. Armstrong includes Catherine Calvert, Ruth Benson, Anna McDonald, James Marcus, Robert Stevens, W. Tammany Young, George Miller, Leonard Hollister, William Morgan, Charles Mylott, Benjamin Plazza and Norman Phillips.

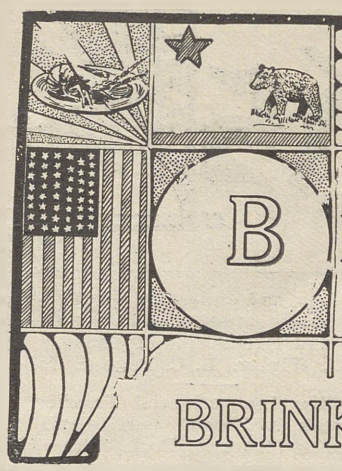
Klaw and Erlanger will present Macklyn Arbuckle in "The Round-Up" for the week beginning Monday evening, at the Mason Opera House. A train of nine cars is required to transport the production, and in addition to the regular cast of players there is an auxiliary organization of twenty-six cowboys, twenty bucking ponies, a tribe of Indians, Mexican vaqueros, Arizona girls, cowpunchers, soldiers and scouts. The locale of the scenes is in southwestern Arizona, which gives an opportunity for scenic reproductions. The play tells the story of a bride who discovers that her husband has won her by a trick, and that her unsuccessful suitor has gone to the desert to die. At the command of the bride, the young husband goes to rescue the wanderer. One of the biggest scenes ever enacted in a theater will be a battle between the Indians and white men which takes place in the desert. Another remarkable scene is the round-up of the bucking ponies. In Mr. Arbuckle's support will be found Elmer Gradin, Ogden Crane, William Conklin, Grace Benham, Ethel von Waldron, and a number of others.

Laurette Taylor is making her last appearance with the Burbank stock company today, and will leave for New York Monday morning. Sunday afternoon the well known star, Ralph Stuart, will begin his special engagement with the Burbank company in the new comedy, "A Dollar Did It," which will be given its first presentation. This play will also serve to introduce four other newcomers, Walter Edwards, Ione McGrane, Richard Allen and Kenneth Stuart. "A Dollar Did It" is an amusing story of a modern business promoter who walks into a small Indiana town and proceeds to show the townspeople what the word "progress" means, which results in their making much out of little. However, they like the taste of prosperity so well that they try to "trim" the promoter—with results which make the fun of the play.

Demand for seats for Hartley Manners' new comedy, "The Money Moon," has been insistent at the Belasco, and therefore beginning Monday night the play will enter on its second week. It has been a great success, and the work of Orrin Johnson, Marguerite Leslie, little Gertrude Short and Thomas Mac Larnie, as well as other members of the cast, has received praise from critics and public. It is one of the prettiest comedies that have been staged here in many months, and the excellent production given it goes far toward making it a popular success. Frances Ring will make her appearance with the Belasco company after the suspension of "The Money Moon," her first offering probably being "The Child."

Five new acts will gladden the hearts of Orpheum devotees, beginning with the Monday matinee, Oct. 14; the list being headed by Nat. M. Willis, "the happy tramp." This year he has a new line of patter, as well as new songs. He is a great favorite on the Orpheum circuit. The playlet next week is "The Bandit," a story of Mexico in the '70's, presented by E. Frederick Hawley and his company. The act was written by Mr. Hawley after an exhaustive study of conditions, and he may be depended upon to do justice to his own creation. McIntyre and

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



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Inauguration of the Special Engagement of the Distinguished American Actor,

RALPH STUART

With the Burbank stock company in the first production on any stage of the new comedy,

"A Dollar Did It"

FIRST APPEARANCE OF WALTER EDWARDS, IONE McGRANE, RICHARD ALLEN and KENNETH STUART. Seats for this important offering are now on sale at the usual scale of popular Burbank prices.

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Prices, 25c to $1.50.

Morosco-Blackwood Co., Props. and Managers. BELASCO THEATER Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night

Beginning Monday Night, Oct. 14,

ORRIN JOHNSON

And

MARGUERITE LESLIE

with the Belasco Stock Company, offer for the second week, "THE MONEY MOON."

MASON OPERA HOUSE

Broadway bet. First and Second streets.

Charles Frohman—Klaw & Erlanger, Lessees. W. T. WYATT, Manager.

Beginning Monday Matinee, Oct. 14, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Klaw & Erlanger present MACKLYN ARBUCKLE and company of 140 in

"THE ROUND-UP"

Nights and Saturday matinee, 50c to $2. Wednesday matinee, 50c to $1.50.

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M'INTYRE & HARTY Sugarplum Girl & Marshmallow Boy
ANNIE KENT "The Little Jester"
WILLIAMS & WARNER Musical Merrymakers
"THE ANTIQUE GIRL" Jesse Lasky Company
"The BANDIT" Frederick Hawley & Co.
MINNIE ALLEN "Little Volcano of Mirth"
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Symphony orchestra concerts, 2 and 8 p. m. World's News in Motion Views. Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c, Boxes $1; Matinee at 2 DAILY, 10-25-50; Boxes 75c.

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"KINGS IN EXILE," "THE BIRTH OF THE LOTUS" and "SIROTA" on the Auxetephone.

Week of Oct. 14:

"Art and Innocence," Miss Robinson Crusoe" and "Lucia" sextette, with the great artists Caruso, Scotti, Sembrich and others.

Continuous 1 to 5—7 to 11. Prices, 10 and 15c; Matinee, 10c.

Books

Nevin O. Winter has traveled much in South and Central American countries, and in making his observations concerning "Chile and Her People of Today" he has followed the same general plan as in his previous travel books. It has seemed, since there is such a close resemblance in peoples, institutions and histories in these southern republics, that the keen edge of interest must soon be dulled, that the story would read like a drowsy repetition of a school lesson. But such is not the case Mexico, Guatemala, Brazil, Argentina and Chile; although so similar, each has a peculiar interest of its own, an interest that increases as each in turn passes in review. Probably, also, Mr. Winter is growing, with practice, in literary ability and this is creeping in unconsciously among the facts. It is only recently that a trip to South or Central America has been considered worthy of a place on the programs of travel agencies. Now, regular Cook excursions go by way of New Orleans and the Panama Canal route, along the coast of Peru to Valparaiso, thence by rail to Buenos Aires. Or globe-trotters can go by way of New York to Jamaica, touching the eastern coast of South America, crossing from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso. This affords a fine opportunity to contrast characteristics in countries one is accustomed to think of as alike. Next to taking one of the "personally conducted" tours is a perusal of Mr. Winter's books. Certainly, were such a trip in contemplation it would be a fine idea to read of Brazil, Argentina and Chili. His description of Valparaiso, the "vale of paradise," is quite piquant and vivid. Perched on the cliffs, overlooking a beautiful moon-shaped bay, Valparaiso has many attractions of novel character to offer. The story of the quake that destroyed the city the same year that San Francisco was laid low in ruins, and the fairy-like rebuilding, have a sympathetic interest to Californians. Then there is the story of Alexander Selkirk and his dreary stay on Juan Fernando, a barren island four hundred miles west of Valparaiso, which is the origin of "Poor Old Robinson Crusoe." Tierra del Fuego, "the land of fire," so-called because the followers of Magellan saw wreaths of smoke ascending from a point of land on one of the islands of that remote southern archipelago, as they passed through the straits, in 1520. It is a region of terrifying beauty, of death and chilling romance. In this southern portion is located a remarkable penal colony. Formerly, Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, was the site of this settlement, but commerce called the far southern port to better things. A railway trip inland and over the Andes yields equally as awesome and stern beauty, albeit so different. Again, Mr. Winter notes that remarkable object of reverential interest—the "Christ of the Andes," which marks the international boundary between Chile and Argentina. This sight is not for the ordinary traveler since it holds its lonely vigils almost immediately over the railway tunnel, nearly three thousand feet higher. "It was cast in bronze from the cannon of the two nations, which had been purchased through fear of impending war." It is further described as "twenty-six feet in height. In one hand it holds the emblem of the cross, while the other is extended in a blessing, and as if uttering the one magic word 'Peace.'" Commercial conditions and possibilities, the characteristics of the Chileans, of their social and civic institutions, and daily manner of living, are happily caught and preserved. ("Chile and Her People of Today." By Nevin O. Winter. L. C. Page & Co.)

For the Inexperienced Teacher

Although addressed particularly to the country teacher, Prof. John Wirt Dinsmore's book of advice on "The Training of Children" contains much of interest to any young teacher, in city or rural district,—and is quite appropriate for many parents, as well—expressed in clear and simple language. Much that noted pedagogues have said in scientific and technical terms as to the dawning of intelligence and the development of mind in the young human animal; some that learned philosophers have declared in deep and intricate phraseology as to ethical and psychological gropings and the awakening of divinity in the child consciousness, has been condensed into concise, practical every-day language of the people. The opening chapters dealing with the child in the home apparently concern the parents entirely. But therein are contained the basic principles of discipline in the school-room, for to be a good teacher the man or woman must be a potential parent and understand the relations of parent and child; employ not only the methods of group development but the knowledge of individual growth gained from the family experience. "Parental Government" and "Punishment" are of particular interest to the teacher who would succeed as a disciplinarian. "Sensation," "Care of the Sense Organs," "Perception," "Memory," "Imagination," "The Thinking Power," "The Feelings' and "The Will" are topics discussed for the instructor; full of useful suggestions. ("The Training of Children." By John Wirt Dinsmore. (American Book Co.)

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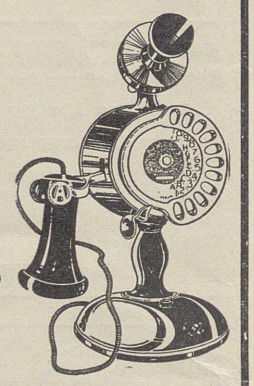

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Officer 666.—By Barton W. Currie and Augustin McHugh. $1.25.
Mis' Basset's Matrimony Bureau.—By Winifred Arnold. $1.00.

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Gossip of Automobile Row

To Labor with Secretary Fisher—Numerous local motor enthusiasts, including officials of the Automobile Club of Southern California and members of the various trade associations, are leaving this week end to attend the meeting of Southern and Northern California motorists with Walter Fisher, secretary of the interior, in the Yosemite Valley, which is to be held there Monday. The meeting was scheduled for last Monday, but Secretary Fisher was unable to reach the coast in time. The majority of Los Angeles autoists are making the trip north in their machines. Pressure and arguments of various sorts will be used on Secretary Fisher to have the national reserve opened to motorists, as it is believed it would be a distinct stimulus to motor travel in California.

* * *

Still Furnishing Thrills — George Webb, formerly a local actor, who played at various times at the Belasco, Grand and Burbank, is back in Los Angeles after a transcontinental trip by motor with a total record of 4870 miles. Stops were made in more than thirty different cities. Mr. Webb, who used to play leads in the "melos," says that at times the journey furnished as many thrills as the best of Lincoln J. Carter's. He was caught in a cloudburst, forced to ford a stream at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour with the water almost up to the carburetor, and at one time when stranded was compelled to pay $50 for ten gallons of gasoline.

* * *

Shot Up the Coast—Motor Car runs to Seattle and Portland are becoming almost too commonplace to receive attention, but notable among the most recent trips of this sort is the one made by R. H. Bungay, the famous trap shot of Ocean Park, who recently completed the journey in order to take part in the annual Pacific Coast handicap shoot held at Portland. Not content with participating in that affair, Bungay tried his gun at various points at which he touched in his Reo. He shot at the state fair at Salem, also at Chico and at the California state fair at Sa Sacramento. He is to take part in a local contest to be held in the near future.

* * *

Santa Monica's Aspirations—Business men of Santa Monica have again started planning for the annual Santa Monica road race to be held there the coming season. W. J. Stadelman, a progressive realty man of the beach town, has been appointed chairman of the road race committee by the president of the Chamber of Commerce and already negotiations are under way for an unusual motoring event. It is likely that the road race will be held under the auspices of the city with the returns to be placed in the municipal treasury.

* * *

Soothing Syrup From Chief Winslow—K. R. Winslow, chief of the service department of the Mitchell factory for the last five years, has been a recent visitor at the Greer-Robbins salesrooms, the local agents for the Mitchell. Mr Winslow is on a tour of the United States and plans to visit every agency of any importance. He is accompanied by his wife, and is making the trip in a six-cylinder machine.

* * *

Bush Company Is Proud—Remarkably handsome are the new quarters that now house the W. E. Bush Company, local agents for the Pierce Arrow Motor car, at Seventeenth and Grand avenue.

* * *

Good Record for the Reo—M. Spazier, a local wholesale druggist, returned recently from a 1500-mile trip in his new Reo roadster, bought two weeks ago from the Lord Motor Car company. Immediately after the car left the salesroom floor Spazier started off and returned to this city without an adjustment of any sort.

* * *

Knights of the Tire—"Ole" Hibner, sales manager of the Knight Tire Company, after staying a week in Los Angeles left for the north in company with William Halliwell who recently acquired the coast agency for the Knight tire. The pair will visit the Halliwell agencies in San Francisco and the Northwest.

* * *

But They Overlooked the Editor—Friends of Earl Y. Boothe and Bert Dingley of the National Motor Car Company have been eating wild duck all week as a result of the hospitality of the local auto men, who bagged the limit of that commodity on a recent hunting trip.

* * *

Ticket of Leave—Tim O'Neill, long time connected with the Don Lee Company as city salesman is the proud possessor of a beautifully engraved watch presented to him by his associate salesman when he left the local salesroom to assume a similar position with the Pasadena branch.

* * *

See Europe in Pierce-Arrow—H. G. Wylie, a well known local motorist, will abandon his beautiful home in Chester Place temporarily this month to "do" Europe in a new Pierce-Arrow which he has just ordered. The tour will be extensive and will consume several months.

Offerings for Next Week

(Continued from Page Thirteen)

Harty are billed as "the sugar plum girlie and the marshmallow boy." Miss McIntyre is very small and dainty, and Mr. Harty is as big as she is little. Song, dance and patter make up their tern. Annie Kent, "the little jester of vaudeville," also sings and talks. William & Warner, Frenchman, despite their names, are musical performers, with a new vehicle known as the clacaphone, "an organ with a human voice." They also play on a number of other instruments. The holdovers include "The Antique Girl," Minnie Allen, and Bertish, the ideal athlete. The music will be of the best Frankenstein class and the motion views will be new. Ethel Barrymore is announced for the last week in October or early in November.

Grand opera selections, ragtime music and instrumental novelties will form the major part of the cabaret show bill at the Brink cafe for the week beginning with the dinner hour next Monday evening. An unusually attractive galaxy of singers and players has been provided by Amusement Manager Harold Moore. Madame Dossena, the coloratura soprano, will be heard in Italian, French and Spanish grand opera selections; Emilie Gardner, lyric soprano, is to be featured in lighter operas and semi-classic numbers; Happyana Robinson, the roly-poly soubrette, will coon-shout, and Paul Atwood, premier basso, will be heard in the familiar melodies especially fitted for his low ranged voice. Edward Buchner, the Prussian pianophiend, with his stringed orchestra will complete the bill.

Three special numbers will be shown at the Mozart Grand Avenue theater the week beginning Monday afternoon, Oct. 14. "Art and Innocence" will be given its premier production in America. This is the story of a young flower girl in Turin, Italy, who serves an artist as a model. The artist is engaged to an heiress and is unaware that the little model has conceived an affection for him. He dismisses the girl when he finishes his painting; but she goes to seek him, finding, however, that he has been married, and that she can have no place in his life. "Miss Robinson Crusoe" is an entertaining romance. A society woman traveling abroad attempts to bring about a marriage between her only daughter and a nobleman, and also prevent the girl's marrying a wealthy young American. The daughter is chaperoned on a long ocean trip by the nobleman's mother. The ship is wrecked and the girl reported missing, but the young American goes in search of her, finds her on a desert island, and returns her to her parents, who give their consent to the marriage. The "Sextette from Lucia" will presented through the auxetophone by Caruso, Scotti, Sembrich, Journey, Severina and Bada.

NOTICE OF CONTEST
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
United States Land Office.

Los Angeles, California, Sept. 19, 1912.

To DAVID H. SMITH, of 315 E. 5th. St. Los Angeles, contestee:

You are hereby notified that Jennie A. Bristol, who gives 2961 W. 8th St., Los Angeles, California, as her post-office address, did on August 19th, 1912, file in this office her duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 11124, Serial No. 03826, made June 13th, 1906, for E½ of NE¼ and E½ of SE¼ Section 14, Township 1 South, Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for her contest she alleges that David H. Smith has not resided on land described above for two years last past and no improvements of any kind have been made upon said land, that he has abandoned said land for two years last past.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the Fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of her receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
013456 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Sept. 18, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that James E. Cutler of Calabasas, Cal., who, on July 6, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 013456, for W½SE¼, E½SW¼, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 28th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names at witnesses:

Willis H. Mead, Perry Whiting, Karelius A. Knagenhelm, all of Los Angeles, Cal.; John E. Ziehlke, of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
016527

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 5, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, San Bernardino Meridian, situate in the Los Angeles Land District, and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 15th day of November, 1912.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

NOTICE OF CONTEST
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
United States Land Office

Los Angeles, California, Sept. 30, 1912.

To Chas. Harry Stanard of Los Angeles, Cal., contestee:

You are hereby notified that William Curtis Page who gives 615 W. 6th St. as his post-office address, did on August 29, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 11100, Serial No. 03811, made May 5, 1912, for SE¼ Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that you have not resided on said land nor erected a house or habitation thereon. None of the land has been cultivated, and you have abandoned the same for six months past.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the Fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

NOTICE OF CONTEST
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office.

Los Angeles, California, Oct. 7, 1912.

To Henrik J. L. W. Bjerkander of Covina, California, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Wallace L. Thompson, who gives 3946 Denker Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., as his postoffice address, did on Sept. 6th, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 010877, Serial No. ——, made June 7, 1910, for E½ of SE¼, SE¼ of NE¼ of Section 15, and NW¼ of SW¼ of Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said Henrik J. L. W. Bjerkander has abandoned said land for more than two years last past to contestant's knowledge, has built no house or habitation thereon, and has not cultivated said land in any manner whatsoever, and said land is in its natural state.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the postoffice to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
03882 Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Dec. 8, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal., who, on November 13, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 11211, Serial No. 03882, for E½NE¼, NE¼ SE¼ Sec. 11, NW¼SW¼ Sec. 12, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of November, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. W. Von Arnswaldt, Alfred Hinker, Fred H. Post, J. D. Heron, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Unexplained price clipping of $20 a share in Security Savings, a rise of better than $8 in Citizens National, and a recovery of $3 a share in Amalgamated Oil, have been the features of trading on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, in a market that for quantity as well as quality of transactions has been more than ordinarily satisfactory. Security Savings prices which for two days ruled weak, recovered better than half their market loss within forty-eight hours. There have been large dealings off board in several of the principal banking issues all week, at quotations that have been satisfactory to buyers as well as to sellers. First National is ruling strong at better than 690 ex dividend, and several of the others, in addition to those already mentioned, have been acting firmly in every way.

In the oil list Associated has been again one of the picturesque performers with a gain of more than $1.50 a share since the last report, and with a loss of fifty per cent of this figure at one stage of the proceedings overnight, with no tangible reason for the change of front. San Francisco has been eating the stock in chunks, but Los Angeles has not been taking kindly to the market campaign. It is being told that the recently printed story, to the effect that Union Oil interests had taken over the Southern Pacific's California petroleum holdings, may be true. In fact there are those professing to know who are insisting that the Schell people, Holland capitalists, with the English Rothchilds as their backers, are to take over both California companies mentioned. Also, that it has been these people who found the funds for the Wall street financing of the Doheny Mexicans several months ago, a performance recently repeated with the Doheny Americans.

So far as the latter are concerned Los Angeles stockholders were advised this week as to the terms under which their holdings are to be looked after in the new California Petroleum Company; that the deal, as made for the benefit of the minority interest in American Oilfields and American Petroleum is far from satisfactory, is the comment heard in Exchange Alley.

Amalgamated, after being worked down to 80, has recovered to a considerable extent. The stock is selling as high as 84 at this writing, with indications for higher prices. Central is weak and inactive, and Rice Ranch is close to par, due to reports of a serious cut in the monthly dividend.

None of the Unions is strong, and the lesser list is off considerably, with California Midway assessment paid at about 19. At this price the stock means 9 cents for original holdings.

Among the bonds, Cucamonga water sixes are in demand at par. Union Oil 5s, L. A. Homes, and others of the standard issues are firm and only moderately active.

Edison preferred, which for a short time lately was in demand for New York, Boston, and Chicago account, is weak, and L. A. Home preferred, which has not been stirring recently, has been taking on a price spurt this week, showing better than $5 a share gain, as compared with previous sales.

There is no little activity in certain of the former Goldfield issues in the mining share market, with prices, however, a trifle lower. Goldfield Consolidated is off and Merger, which has been a Los Angeles flotation, also is weaker, as compared with quotations of a month ago.

Money continues to rule firm with funds in demand and with rates at about the best of recent levels.

Banks and Banking

At the annual meeting of the Los Angeles Clearing Houes Tuesday, it was shown that the total clearings for the year ending Sept. 30 amounted to $1,093,542,086, as against $908,997,989.73 for the preceding year—an increase of 20.3$%. Officers of the association were re-elected; including Stoddard Jess, president; J. E. Fishburn, vice-president; James B. Gist, secretary-manager; Stoddard Jess, J. E. Fishburn, J. A. Graves, W. H. Holliday, and W. W. Woods, executive committee.

San Diego is to have a new bank in the form of the East San Diego State bank, organized with a capital stock of $50,000.

San Fernando's national bank is expected to open its doors in the course of the next few weeks.

Venice is to have another banking concern, known as the Ocean Park Bank, Venice Branch.

First National Bank of Chino has opened for business and is occupying the same quarters as the Chino Savings Bank.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Venice will vote late in November on an issue of $100,000 for the extension of the salt water fire main.

Election will be held Nov. 5 in Santa Barbara on the question of issuing $130,000 for building a county hospital; bonds to be of $1000 each, interest 5% payable semi-annually; bonds not to run more than ten years.

Riverside will soon hold an election for voting $600,000 for the purchase of the Riverside Water Company plant.

Nov. 4 has been set as the date of Orange county's election on the question of issuing $1,270,000 for construction of public highways.

Bond election will be held Oct. 29 in Glendale; municipal water supply, $225,000; fire apparatus, $20,000, and street improvement machinery, $5000.

Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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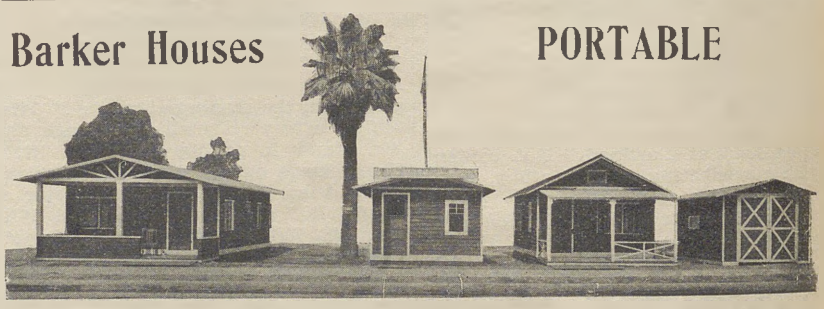

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CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Third and Main	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, $1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, $700,000.
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier. Capital, $200,000. Surplus & Undivided Profits, $60,000.
FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, $1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, $2,000,000.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Second and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, $1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, $1,625,000.
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, $200,000. Surplus and Profits, $800,000.
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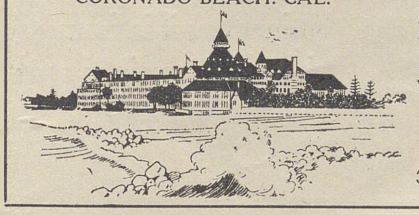

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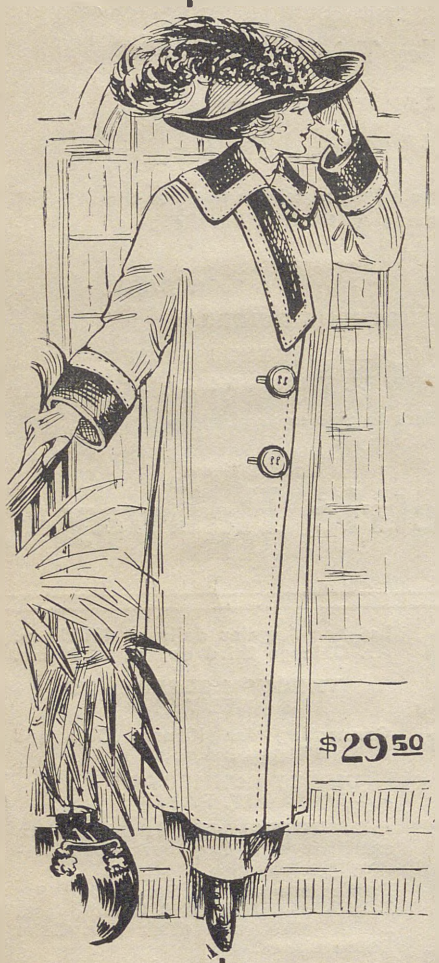

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